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J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER,
Flood Building, Market Street.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

(From Hawthorne—"Mosses from an Old Manse" and elsewhere.)

Pain is but pleasure too strongly emphasized.

Angels do not toil, but let their good works grow out of them.

When souls have loved, there is no falsehood or forgetfulness.

No fountain is so small but that Heaven may be imaged in its bosom.

It is a great mistake to try to put our best thoughts into human language.

The human spirit does not perish of a single wound, nor exhaust itself in a single trial of life.

Keep the imagination sane—that is one of the truest conditions of communion with heaven.

We can not expect any great good without its being accompanied with some small inconvenience.

Who can estimate the power of gentle influences, whether amid material desolation or the moral Winter of man's heart?

Our faith can well afford to lose all the drapery that even the holiest may have thrown around it, and be only the more sublime in its simplicity.

The holy and generous wish, that rises like incense from a pure heart towards heaven, often lavishes its sweet perfume on the blast of evil times.

Even a human breast, which may appear least spiritual in some aspects, may still have the capability of reflecting an infinite heaven in its depths, and therefore of enjoying it.

In chaste and warm affections, humble wishes, and honest toil for some useful end, there is health for the mind and quiet for the heart, the prospect of a happy life, and the fairest hopes of heaven.

Be patient and abide heaven's will. So long as you possess a living soul, all may be restored to its first freshness. These things of matter and creations of human fantasy are fit for nothing but to be buried when they have had their day; but your day is eternity!

The world is a sad one for him who shrinks from its sober duties. My experience shall warn him to adopt some great and serious aim, such as manhood will cling to, that he may not feel himself too late a cumberer of this overladen earth, but a man among men.

It is a comfortable thought that the smallest and most turbid mud puddle can contain its own picture of heaven. Let us remember this, when we feel inclined to deny all spiritual life to some people, in whom, nevertheless, our Father may perhaps see the image of His face.

How much mud and mire, how many slippery footsteps, and perchance heavy tumblers, might be avoided, if we could but tread six inches above the crust of this world. Physically, we cannot do this; our bodies cannot; but it seems to me that our hearts and minds may keep themselves above moral mud-puddles.

THE PILGRIMS' LAND.

Reminiscences of the Pilgrim Fathers; Description of Minot's Ledge Light; Boston Bay, etc., etc.

BY AMOS ADAMS.

It was a charming morning when our party of seven seated ourselves in one of the Old Colony Railroad cars at Boston, en route for the land made famous by heroic deeds and great sufferings of the little band of Pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock in a cold December in 1620. As we sped on our way, with eyes as large as dinner plates, and ears as long as the Connecticut Blue Laws, to see and to hear everything concerning our Pilgrim Fathers, of the land trodden by their feet, and of the homes of the famous chiefs, Samoset and Massasoit, with whom they formed their first treaty, we kept some of our fellow passengers busy answering questions.

The town of Quincy was soon reached—a place noted throughout the country as the birth-place and residence of that sturdy patriot and first signer of the Declaration of Independence, John Hancock, of John Adams, the second President, of Edmund Quincy, and of John Quincy Adams, the sixth President. Then came Marshfield, the home of the great constitutional expounder, "the Godlike Daniel," as Webster was frequently called.

Speaking of Webster reminds me of a visit recently made to the room now occupied by the United States Supreme Court in Washington. There are but few of the present generation who know that this room was for a long time used as the Senate Chamber of the United States, but such is the fact, small and cramped as it is, with a seating capacity of probably one hundred and fifty. Yet it was here in this room that those intellectual gladiators, Webster of Massachusetts and Hayne of South Carolina, were pitted against each other in a debate that made both men famous throughout the length and breadth of our country. It was here that Calhoun, the fiery South Carolinian, thundered forth his masterly arguments in favor of "Free Trade, Sailors' Rights, and Direct Taxation." It was here he preached his nullification doctrine, to render null and void the then existing tariff laws; and it was at this time that General Jackson, then President, gave Calhoun a gentle reminder that nullification was treason, and that it afforded him great pleasure to hang traitors. It was in this room that Clay, Douglass, Crittenden, Magnum, Benton, Cass, Wright, and a host of other worthies, won world-wide distinction as orators and statesmen.

And here at Marshfield was the home of the greatest of all intellects that at that time graced the Senate of the United States. It is a noticeable fact that all through south-eastern Massachusetts, outside of cities and villages, not one acre in a hundred is under cultivation. The land seems to be given up wholly to forestry, and as we are whirled along, we are constantly catching glimpses of babbling brooks, running streams, lakelets, and Yosemite Falls in miniature, giving this part of the State a wild and picturesque appearance. Yet every water-power in this State—and their name is legion—is utilized by manufacturing establishments, giving employment to many thousand artisans, who, in turn, are consumers of the products of agricultural States.

Plymouth is reached, and knowing the value of a guide at such places, we soon secured the services of a bright, keen, young man, who proved to be a walking encyclopedia of the early history of Plymouth. We first visit Pilgrims' Hall. Near its entrance is an iron fence which, for nearly half a century, enclosed a portion of Plymouth Rock, but which has now been moved back to its original resting-place, and with cement made part and parcel of its other half. The fence now encloses an appropriate slab, bearing as an inscription the wording of the original "Compact," entered into in the cabin of the "Mayflower," before the landing took place. The names of the forty-one signers to this compact appear on the heraldic curtains of the fence.

On entering the Hall, our attention is directed to a commission hanging upon the wall issued by Oliver Cromwell, Lord

Protector of England, to Edward Winslow and others, as arbitrators between Great Britain and the United Provinces of Holland. It is written on parchment, and has a portrait of Cromwell on it. It did bear the signature of the Lord Protector, but some relic-hunter-fiend tore it off, and it is now supplied with a *fac simile* of the original.

To the physiognomist we consider the painting of the "Signing of the Compact" the most interesting of the many paintings adorning the walls of this notable place. Next in importance is the famous Damascus sword of the redoubtable Pilgrim, Captain Miles Standish. The history of this sword, as appears on a card attached, says:

"Without doubt it is of ancient Persian manufacture, called by the orientals 'Dharban,' viz.: 'meteor,' and the metal of which it is made is thunderbolt iron. There is no doubt that the sword fell into the hands of the Saracens at the time of the defeat of the Persian tyrant warrior, Kozori, when Jerusalem was wrenched from him by the Caliph Omar I., in 637. On closely examining the sun and moon engraved on the blade, it will be seen that faces were engraved inside the sun and moon, but on closer examination of the faces, it will be noticed that the engraver did not intend to represent them as human faces, but lion's faces. History informs us that the sun, moon, and stars were worshiped by the ancient Persians as celestial deities of strength and power. There are three other inscriptions on the blade, made by the Mohammedans at a much later period, showing that the sword evidently fell into their hands during some of the mediæval wars. A few years ago, some intelligent Arabs from Palestine examined the sword, and said it dated back two or three centuries before the Christian era. It is more than probable that this famous blade came to Captain Standish from the Crusaders."

A glass case holds what is said to be the oldest State paper in the United States, being a patent for lands issued by the President and Council of Great Britain to John Pierce, in behalf of the Pilgrims. This patent was brought from England in the "Fortune," in the year 1621.

To enumerate a hundredth part of the works of art and relics of centuries past, now on exhibition in Pilgrim's Hall, would swell this article to proportions too great for the GOLDEN GATE.

Our next visit was to the Register's office, where are kept under lock and key a large number of the earliest documents and records of Plymouth Colony. Here can be seen the handwriting of men who are now held in reverence the world over for their courage in braving the perils of an unknown sea and an equally unknown shore, in facing the dangers of savage men and of savage beasts. Some of these writings are fair and legible, and some quaint and crabbed. On these pages rested hands fresh from handling the sword and the musket, or from the more peaceful implements of husbandry, and of Bradford, Brewster, Standish, and many others of that heroic band.

Here is the first order establishing jury trials; the order for the first Customs Law; the division of cattle into lots, one cow being divided into thirteen lots. It was four years after the landing before any domestic animals were brought from England, and in order to equalize them they were divided into lots, each family having one. It must have been a pretty nice affair to divide the milk of one cow among thirteen families so as to suit all.

Here also is the original patent to the company from the Earl of Warwick, granted in 1620, with its great wax seal engraved for the purpose, and the original box in which it came from England.

We next reach Cole's Hill—ground made hallowed by its being the receptacle of one-half of the little band of Pilgrims, during the dark, sad winter after the landing. The inclemency of the weather, the absence of houses and other comforts, the scurvy and other diseases, caused over half of their numbers to be gathered to their fathers before the following April. The graves were all leveled with the ground, and in the Spring corn was planted over the graves, that the Indians might not know of the weakness of the Colony.

Years after, many of the bones from this burying ground were gathered, put in a box, and placed in the top of the

canopy that stands on Plymouth Rock.

Again, we are now on the summit of "Burying Hill," consecrated from the earliest years of the Colony as a place of sepulture. Here repose the ashes of those who survived the first winter. Here, as we stand musing on this sacred ground, phantom brigades of the earlier reminiscences of Plymouth come trooping up before us eager for recognition. Here also stand Gov. Bradford, Miles Standish, John Cotton, John Howland, Rose Standish, Elder Brewster, and many others, with their pale, careworn faces, each ready to tell of the privation and hardship dared and sufferings endured, to establish freedom of conscience and freedom of opinion in this the new world. Heroic band! May a grateful country ever cherish their memory with the deepest reverence and gratitude, for establishing the greatest of all boons—that of political and religious freedom—in the new world.

It is not generally known, and it must here be recorded, that the Pilgrims were widely distinguished from the Puritans of Massachusetts, as being broader and more tolerant in their religious ideas and convictions, than were the Puritans, and for which they were for a long time ridiculed and condemned by the richer and more influential men of Salem and Boston. It was the Massachusetts Puritans, and not the Plymouth Pilgrims, that hung witches, persecuted Baptists and Quakers, and committed other excesses.

It was here at Plymouth that Roger Williams found a temporary asylum when persecuted and banished from Salem. On "Burial Hill" was erected the first fort, in 1621. On its top was placed their cannon; on the inside, while it was used as an arsenal, it also served as a place of worship. Near by was erected the first watch tower. From it the movements of Indians were closely watched. It was from this tower that the Pilgrims caught the first sight of the Indians. Over a hill near by came "Massasoit" with his plumed and painted sachems and braves. After an exchange of hostages and much parleying, a treaty was made, which bound Massasoit to the Pilgrims as a friend for life, and during its continuance of forty years, conducted effectually to the safety and permanency of the colony.

Our next visit was to Plymouth Rock, an irregular shaped boulder of a flinty granite nature, some six feet long by five wide, and possibly four feet thick. On the side is inscribed, 1620. The Rock is covered with a canopy substantial as well as ornamental, in the chamber of which are deposited the bones of all the Pilgrims that perished the Winter of their landing.

The time for our return to Boston drawing near, and desiring to return by the ocean route, we hastened to the landing, and boarding the steamer "Shrewsbury," we were soon out of Plymouth Bay, and on the broad Atlantic, plowing our way homeward bound. It was a beautiful afternoon. The ocean was comparatively smooth, yet just sufficient motion to the steamer to cause many passengers to pay tribute over the side of the vessel to old Neptune.

The most interesting sight on our return was the "Minot Ledge Light-house," built on a ledge of sunken rocks at the outer end of Cohasset rocks, which extend into the ocean two or three miles. Some of these huge rocks lift their iron gray backs above the surface of the water at intervals. As we passed them they looked like huge Leviathans taking their rest; but when old ocean is lashed into fury by a north-easter, these rocks check, to some extent, the maddened waters, and send them skyward in great feathering masses, while at the base of the Light-house, and extending along the Cohasset rocks to the shore, the white gleaming breakers beat wildly, and the billows rush and roar and swallow up each other, with ten thousand times the force of giants in battle.

The Light-house is built solid for the first forty feet, and tied together with huge iron rods. From this point upward for sixty feet it is hollow, with spiral stairs on the inside reaching its top. At the lower end of the tubular part of it is an opening. To gain access to the upper part where the keepers live, you approach the base of the structure in a boat; the parties in the house lower a chair from the end of an outrigger, and then, with tackles, you are hoisted up to the aperture. There is also an iron ladder fastened to the side of the building, which is sometimes used instead of the chair. This light is now

kept by four men; two in a watch of two weeks, and then relieved by the other two, who have been on shore in the meantime. As our steamer passed close to the base of the building towering a hundred feet high, our band struck up "Auld Lang Syne," whereat the lonely sentinel on the top of this great pile of granite tolled a massive bell, whose reverberating tones made the welkin ring. With waving of hats and handkerchiefs we passed on to other scenes.

Before reaching Boston Light we pass hundreds of fishing smacks anchored, engaged in bringing up from the briny deep beautiful specimens of the finny tribe. Each vessel had from six to eight men, and each man had seemingly three or four lines, and while we were passing, each man was kept busy hauling up the fish. How few landmen give thought to the immense food supply taken yearly from the ocean.

We soon pass Boston Light to the inner bay, and again into smooth water. After passing several industrial schools for the refractory youths, work houses, which we visited a few days ago, homes for paupers, and frowning forts, we are at the steamer landing.

On our way to our lodgings we passed near the scene of the great conscription riot, in 1863. President Lincoln had issued a proclamation, calling for 300,000 to fill the decimated ranks of the Army. Massachusetts' quota was something over 3,000. It seems the rabble in the lower part of the city of Boston was composed mostly of foreigners who were bitterly opposed to the draft; in fact, they were Democrats of the copperhead stripe. It was this element, not alone in Boston, but all through the Northern States, that constituted the enemies in the rear of our Army, who were striving to put down the rebellion. It was this class of men who prolonged the struggle; it was this class of men who, had they refused to give aid, and held out promises to those in rebellion, and joined heartily with the Union men, would have saved the lives of at least half a million of men. The riot in Boston commenced, as usual, in a liquor saloon, on Prince street, with men, it is reasonable to suppose, who were full of whisky. When the officers from the Provost Marshal's office entered the saloon to serve the draft notices, a fierce attack was made upon him. He was fearfully beaten and driven from the saloon. This seeming success of the rabble spread with incredible rapidity, and in a short time the streets, particularly Salem and Hanover, were filled with a surging, angry mob. Officers were beaten with clubs and missiles of every description, and some of them dangerously injured. The rioters so rapidly increased in number and ferocity that a general alarm prevailed, and orders for military assistance were issued. Capt. Jones, of the 11th Battery, called out his force; a squad of regulars from Fort Warren was summoned, and the mayor called on the State Military for assistance. The gun house on Cooper street was the general headquarters of the troops, and here were assembled the 11th Battery and its reinforcements. Capt. Jones was in command, and his orders were promptly obeyed. The mob, which numbered several thousand men of desperate character, repeatedly charged upon the armory, and assailed it with missiles of every damaging description, smashing in the windows, battering the doors, and even firing guns and pistols at the city's defenders.

During this time, at the Cooper street armory, which was the main point of attack, the state of affairs became so critical that the last resort of a beleaguered fortress was resorted to. After a sufficient warning by Capt. Jones was unheeded, he gave orders to open fire with grape and canister. The cannonade resulted in the death of thirty, and the wounding of many others. It was a severe dose. It might have been called by professionals heroic treatment. It worked like a charm; the streets were cleared, and the police soon dispersed the debris of the mob. This prompt treatment was entirely unexpected by the "enemies in the rear," and saved the city of great peril.

If Chicago had resorted to grape and canister at the Haymarket massacre, it would have done itself infinite credit; in fact, this remedy should be applied in all cities when the mob set the law and its officers at defiance.

BOSTON, Aug. 8, 1888.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

"Banner of Light" on Re-Incarnation.

"With a great cry she fell upon his lifeless body." As I read this pitiful result of a wife's grief, I thought had she been only instructed in the mystery of re-incarnation would she have felt such hopelessness of grief? Had she but known that her lost husband could return at will in the shape of an infant, would she not be comforted? I had just before read in the *Banner of Light* of August 11th the question, "Does the spirit which becomes attached to the embryo assert any influence in the conception, formation, growth and sustenance of the same?" Answered by the *Banner* control, "The spirit which is about to take possession of the new-born child, and which attaches itself magnetically to the prospective mother in the incipency or first formation of the embryo, does not—so far as our observation and learning on this subject go—exercise any special influence upon the formation of the birth of the mortal form; such a spirit must detach itself from the association or the environments which have formerly surrounded it. It must cut itself off entirely from all that is past, when it attaches itself in the magnetic state of the prospective mother," the father it appears having nothing to do with the matter. What is the result? "The spirit sinks into what may be likened to a semi-slumber or dreaming condition, so that it takes but little cognizance, if any, of the scenes which are passing around; it lies in a comatose state, until the time approaches when it is to take full possession of the mortal form. Under such a condition the spirit enters new environments, forms new associations, becomes fully possessed with the work, or the life it is about to undertake, and consequently its own vital action or influence is but dimly felt; should such a spirit lose possession, or become detached from the magnetic state of the mother, it would not be able to re-attach itself, but would be swept out into the universe," until it could find another suitable mother, "while the form or organism in the embryo would, under the development of time, be born into the earthly condition cold and lifeless." This doubtless accounts for so many still born babies.

Now here we have the primary modus operandi, which we have hitherto so vainly sought from neophytes, authoritatively announced by a celestial Hierophant, evincing an intimate knowledge of the mysterious subject; who, therefore, may longer doubt? We must regret however, that the questioner failed to elicit some lucid information on the details; the determination of sex, race, color and condition; whether a male spirit looks out for a male baby; whether sex is a matter of discretion; whether this can be determined in a state of incipency; and if not, the spirit being in a comatose state, or introducing himself into a female baby, would this contrivance cause any confusion on his return to his "soul mate" in the halls of light? Whether any spirit, Arab, Asiatic, Negro or Indian can roam around and choose any charming mother he likes, or whether there exists an established celestial bureau for the distribution of suitable mothers? In short, there are so many interesting questions impinging on this re-incarnation discovery, that one cannot but regret the brevity of the *Banner* medium. Pondering these questions, I looked up and saw before me on the seat in front, a romping, blue-eyed, golden-haired baby twining her little arms around her father's neck, and caressing him with childish delight. Oh, my friend, I thought, how would you feel could you but know, that seeming artless child may be a little fraud; not your very own child, but possibly some old oft-incarnated stager, who may have been for centuries circulating around from Mercury to Jupiter; and then when she hopped over to the other side of the car, and sprang into her mother's lap, I thought, couldst thou but know that this pet of thine has had already numerous prior mammas; who when you cross over into spirit land may some of them contest your subsequent claim for filial affection, if among so many such an emotion can continue to exist. Nay, it might even be found in the celestial archives that she was at one time your own mother.

While these conflicting thoughts were passing through my mind, there came springing into his father's vacant lap a bright, laughing lad, whose slightly aquiline nose suggested a possible Julius Cæsar or re-incarnate Wellington. Thus, thought I, if it takes a wise child to know its own father, what a marvelous child must it be to recollect all its mothers.

Troubled with these insoluble questions, I read further on: "There is no death; I am just beginning to live; I am happy, and would not return to stay. Dear children, never will I lose sight of or forsake you. At the last we will be all gathered together, when not one link will be missing in the chain. I am happy to be able to make you know I live; I am thankful that it is more like just beginning life; we shall all meet in God's good time."

Now evidently this old gentleman was satisfied with his surroundings, without any murmuring "for another chance." No ambition stirred his soul to return even for the chance of becoming a railroad president. "Glad," says he, "are we to be together. I would not ask to come to earth to stay; and I have never met a spirit who will say so." This declaration is refreshing, healthy and emphatic; no puling

here about unfair conditions, and a flat contradiction to our friend the Hierophant just quoted.

Again, spirit Sarah Churchill says: "I have never met a spirit who wants to come back." How is this Messieurs Allan Kardec and his neophytes? What never, not even hardly ever? How then can your re-incarnation fad be a general law, when it appears that you are unable to produce one authentic example, or any spirit outside your own circle that knows anything about it; and your solitary authority can only give us the nebulous idea of a fullgrown "spirit, who wants to take possession of a new-born child," hanging around its "prospective mother" in its incipency. Truly this may be an occult proceeding, as Webster has it, "unknown, undiscovered, undetected, invisible, hidden from the eye of the understanding."

But let us be thankful for more light in the next number of the *Banner*. The 18th of August, we are told, "To our individual mind Spiritualism is far in advance of Orientalism, inasmuch as Spiritualism comes to humanity with a clear and distinct sound; there can be no mistake concerning its significance and its work; while Orientalism is shrouded in mysticism, that which cannot appeal to the common understanding. We speak thus advisedly, because we have somewhat looked into the subject and come in contact with those who consider themselves adepts in theosophical subjects; and we know that this theosophy or orientalism, stripped of its vagaries, its mystical terms and meanings, its 'Karma,' 'Nirvana,' etc., stands forth clearly and distinctly only as an exponent of spiritual communion between man and man."

"Theosophy teaches that the theosophist may claim that his belief or science is far in advance of Spiritualism. We declare it is not so." Theosophy claims that man has an astral body, and that this astral body—or astral spirit—would be the better term—communicates with mortals after the flesh is laid aside. What is this astral appearance? It is nothing more or less than the spiritual body which Spiritualism claims exists for all mankind. So Spiritualism divested of the vagaries and mysticism which theosophy or occultism pleases to wrap around it, does not claim that only a few adepts may be practiced in its teachings, and qualified to spread its truth; but it claims that humanity at large may learn of its glorious laws—not Karmic laws—and come into harmony with them.

"Spiritualism comes to teach the world, and does not despise any one human being. It is all embracing in its love and power; it takes up every child of humanity, and bears it on to higher progress and understanding; it comes to simplify life and law, so that man may understand himself; and learning to understand himself physically and spiritually, he may come to understand his own kind, as well as his God. Thus we claim that Spiritualism when properly advocated and comprehended by mankind, will prove itself to be far in advance of all the religious theories and assumptions of the past, in whatever direction they may turn, and far in advance of mysticism, and all that is called occult, whether found in the orient or the occident, it matters not."

And in another number the good spirit Benefice says: "Were a spirit after leaving the mortal form, to take possession of the form of an infant and be born again upon earth, all such spiritual attainment, all high-exalting knowledge, would be impossible to go again over earthly experience. Spiritualism in all its teachings proves the contrary." Spiritual life is free and natural. "We contend that this mortal existence is the first grade of experience, first expresses itself through mortal life; there gains its past rudimentary ideas of existence. The revival of theosophy with its elementary spirits, its floating human shells, its mystical brotherhood of the Himalaya mountains, having no connection with modern Spiritualism." Under these authoritative and rational teachings then we may say vale to mysticism, to occultism, to orientalism, to occultism, to re-incarnationism, to elementary Spiritism, and every other ism, fad and vagary, every fantastic fable, fossil, folly and esoteric, id est unintelligible nonsense. "That adepts have taken upon themselves" to parade upon Spiritualism; with "much of cloudiness to befog their own brains," and if possible bewilder the weak-minded; while opposing at all times the hitching on of degrading superstitions, to the pure teachings of Spiritualism.

I can not but feel gratified, and reverently welcome the eloquent and conclusive syllogism I have quoted. "Spiritualism has come for all mankind," not for the interpretation of a few "mystical adepts," whose occultism is simply a repetition of the old sacerdotal dodge, to elevate themselves above the superstitious multitude, who are thus led to believe that there is something wonderful and awful behind the screen of obscurity, in which these mysteries are shrouded; and now at once the veil is torn away by a higher authority, whose every word is eloquent with common sense, who declares there is nothing valid in the Shibboleth of the initiated mystic, or in the "vagaries and mysticism which Theosophy or Orientalism pleases to wrap around it."

In conclusion, J. P. Dameron, in an exhaustive article in the *GOLDEN GATE* of Aug. 18th, disposes of the whole subject which re-incarnationists will find trouble to refute. "Matter," he says, "is the material out of which all forms are made." A spirit can not float about void of form or substance. Something immaterial can no more become material than material

can become immaterial. All forms and forces are directed and controlled by immutable law, to develop higher forms of life with higher intelligence. The spirit body has its origin in matter developed through the physical body. "Elementaries, disintegrated astral shells, re-incarnations, all belong to the nightmare phase of superstition; in fact, are a revival of the Eidolon phantom of Walter Scott, from whose romance these repulsive creations of morbid minds, these horrid spectres, are probably borrowed by lovers of the marvelous."

"It would be a *lapis mentis* to conceive that a spirit attaining its maturity could become more perfect by retrogression. The bare statement is its own refutation. Re-incarnation is the absurd assertion that in its normal state a matured spirit can manifest itself through an immature embryo. "The spirit," says Cicero, "is subject to one eternal and immutable law, which embraces all things and all times to a higher and continual development."

There can be no juggling with the laws of nature, and the re-incarnation fable would be too childish to combat, if it had not attempted to fasten its disgusting tentacles on to Spiritualism, in order to inaugurate a sacral order of "adepts," who, like the clergy of all sects, are interested in retarding intellectual advancement, holding the same maxim, "That ignorance is the mother of superstition." On the other hand, the common sense mind sees a solemn grandeur in the orderly progress of nature which profoundly impresses it, and such is the character of continuity in the events of one's individual life that we instinctively doubt the pretended occurrence of the supernatural in the experience of others. The intelligent man knows well that for his personal behoof the course of nature has never been checked or changed. For him no miracle has ever been worked. He attributes justly every event of his life to some antecedent event. This he looks upon as the cause, and that as the consequence, and when it is affirmed that his neighbor has experienced some marvelous events or revelations contrary to the orderly sequence of the universe, he concludes that the Pundit has been deceived, or is himself practicing deception. With rational minds occultism is as dead and obsolete as the geocentric system.

A. Y. E.

Conclusions of an Old Investigator.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

For nearly forty years I have been an investigator of the spiritual phenomena. I have traced it from the tiny rap to full form materialization. I have always tried to divest myself of as much prejudice as I possibly could, and have always been willing to learn the truth regardless of preconceived notions of my own, until I have formulated an opinion something as follows:

First—That there is a spirit form that belongs to the individual "I"; that this spirit form is an entity filling the natural material body completely and has control of the same; that it is itself a fine material substance; that it survives the change called death, and is then as now the clothing of the soul, even as our material (so-called) body; that at the change called death the spiritual body is as objective to those in the spirit realm as our material bodies are in this life.

Second—That when spirits return, or those who remain on the earth plane, they come with bodies, spiritual though they be, but that really do come to all intents and purposes, I have been led to believe from the testimony of spirits themselves as well as sound philosophy.

Now, in these latter days we are called upon to believe a new idea, something like this: The individual, after passing through the change called death, goes immediately to the home of the soul, where it lives and moves and has its being; that it never wills or desires to leave this abode, and never does; but when those who are left here on earth earnestly desire to gain information concerning them, that they have the power to send to earth their astral form with power delegated to it to give us, the denizens of earth, the required information, so that it is not really them who are communicating with us, but a phantom who acts as the spirit's representative, viz., "words to that effect."

This may be all true, but it is contrary to my philosophy or my experience.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., Sept. 15th 1888.

All that He has created is penetrated with His own essence, and bears witness to His Goodness. He who knows how to find Him sees Him everywhere, and lives at every instant in the enjoyment of His glory. Seek Him, and when ye have found Him, fall down and sing praises before Him. But praise the Highest, not only in gratitude for the splendor of that which He has created, but for having given us the capacity for delight in His work.—George Ebers.

Whoever is wise, is apt to suspect and be diffident of himself, and upon that account is willing to "hearken counsel"; whereas, the foolish man, being in proportion to his folly full of himself, and swallowed up in conceit, will seldom take any counsel but his own, and for that very reason, because it is his own.—J. Balguy.

Pointers from an Old Investigator.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

As there seems to be much inquiry as to the verity of phenomena, and the reasons for falsehoods and errors, as well as the conditions of success and failure, with your gracious permission I will add to what I have already said in this direction a few pointers, which have been forced upon me in forty years of investigation and observation, commencing prior to the Rochester knockings:

1. All crime is disease of mind or body, or both. It is not the normal condition of mankind.

2. It is the logical result of the violation of mental, moral and physical laws, caused by our false civilization. Society as now constituted is a wholesale producer of ignorance, pauperism and crime. It creates these classes and then congratulates itself on punishing and providing for its victims, blessing the victims all the while.

3. Society should be punished, and the victims treated as mentally sick.

4. Mediums, on account of their sensitiveness, suffer more than any other class. Unless specially guarded, they take on the average moral conditions of society, and do this unconsciously. I have seen it in thousands of cases outside of our own ranks among churchmen.

5. Before we condemn any person for any act, we should be able to measure his capacity and the strength of the temptation. As we have no science of mental measurement, we assume a delicate and grave responsibility when we sit in judgment upon others, even if guilty of the charges preferred. As a lawyer I would be on the side of the criminal every time. He is badly born (denied natural justice), or badly raised (denied domestic justice), or badly treated by society (denied public justice).

6. We should enter into the inner chambers of our own consciousness, and see if we are in all respects guiltless, and also see, if we can, our share in the common crime. When a judicial murder is committed by the United States, every person of mature age is included in the guilt; when the murdered man is innocent, or insane (and there are many cases), the crime is doubly damning. The same is true of every judicial State murder, and of every unjust sentence inflicted, and there are thousands of them. By this logic the worst criminals are those who are not charged with crime, and loudly "thank God that they are not as other men."

Leaving this to its generic value in the discussion, I come to a class of propositions bearing directly upon the eternal fitness of things:

APPARENT PARADOXES.

1. Two well people may sit together and make both sick.
2. Two sick people may heal themselves.
3. Two people honestly desiring the truth may only get error.
4. Two dishonest people may join and get the highest truths.

5. Individuals of immoral make and life may get the highest scientific truths, for which the good and pure seek in vain. See artists whose success in art and loose morals come of one cause, an unbalanced condition of mental forces. Underneath these seeming paradoxes lies the science of success and failure in all our investigations of occult forces.

As a rule, if the circle is scientifically organized for the truth, then the truth will come to the extent of the ability to receive and comprehend. The medium if disposed to tricks will be restrained or subordinated to the truth.

In view of the delicacy and complication of the forces necessarily present, I am surprised often at the success. If half the exactions made of mediums were applied to the investigators, very different results would ensue.

I was present once where the circle, mostly orthodox, demanded that the medium should doff her shoes. She properly replied, "I am perfectly willing provided all do the same," and they declined. If mediums are searched, so should be every person present.

Mediums have all been condemned by the public without even a formal trial. This of itself is a great outrage. But when it comes to being so assumed and charged by Spiritualists (pseudo), it is a double hardship.

In conclusion, I suggest to Spiritualists and Theosophists to organize circles, develop new mediums; pay them well for their time, and see what they can learn of these occult, intelligent forces, and let the world take care of itself. I certainly do not wish any proxy business in mine. This is the way I did, and found it very profitable. If I get clear proofs of fraud in public mediums, I publish the facts. If I have good grounds for suspicion, and can not get the proof, I let them severely alone. But I never assume guilt in advance, or denounce on mere suspicion, as is too often done by Spiritualists so-called.

To their own masters (the law of their own beings) let them stand or fall. They cannot escape from themselves, and sooner or later they must come to grief. I am not in the smallest degree alarmed or discouraged. So of their poor deluded victims. They will find out after awhile, and finding for themselves will do them a thousand times more good, than for some other person to work proxy for

them. The wheat and tares will grow together despite all our weeding.

JOHN B. WOLFF.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Review of Mrs. Harris' Answer.

EDITOR GOLDEN GATE:

To my mind there is more pure truth than I have seen elsewhere in the "Answer" of Mrs. Sarah A. Harris, F. T. S., in your issue of Sept. 15th, to the question of "Riverside, Cal., regarding" "wandering astral shells, astral pictures, elementals," etc.

I am but a beginner in the study of the spirit question, and have commenced with no bias or standard based on any "creed, ism orlogy," but am seeking after truth, pure truth, and endeavor to recognize and admit it wherever found, in Theosophy, Christian Science, Spiritualism, Buddhism, or any of the Christian denominations, or other religions of the world, seeking the true spiritual advancement based on absolute fact.

All truth is evidently not to be found in any one belief or system of thought; consequently I can not adopt any belief as my standard to judge by, though admitting truth and condemning error wherever surely found.

I have great respect for the wonderful spiritual truths developed by advanced thought, especially Theosophy, and it has pained me to find that line of thought taking the position commonly accepted regarding "astrals" as against the unmistakable evidence of spirit communion with departed friends, which, to my mind, is an established fact. Therefore, I hail with delight the reasonable and progressive thought of Mrs. Harris, that the first step beyond this life is the soul in the astral body, from which it (the soul) progresses and leaves the astral body to return to the elements, as our human body does, which we see demonstrated unquestionably.

That mediums communicate with souls in the astral body, and that they (clairvoyantly) also see the astral body before or while in the state of disintegration (after the soul leaves it), not possessed of intelligence, I do not doubt, neither do I question the ability of the adepts to commune with souls farther advanced beyond the astral state of existence, communion with whom is more satisfactory to the adept, just as with us communion is more satisfactory with the higher intelligence in the human embodiment.

To Sister Harris let me say, Seek and admit the truth wherever found. Bring all lines of spiritual thought together; tear down the walls that separate soul-tied to organized sects and ideas, by which standard all things (to them) must be judged.

The time is rapidly approaching when all these complicated questions will be understood, and humanity will be brought face to face with the spirit world, and "to do good" will be the religion of mankind.

S. W. B.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Sept. 21, 1888.

A Strange Apparition.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Abraham McAdams, one of the wealthiest farmers in Blakeman, Neb., is making arrangements to enter the ministry. This determination on the part of Mr. McAdams was a great surprise to his friends. There is a queer story in connection with it. Last Thursday morning he started to Blakeman in company with a neighbor named Ira Boyce. When near a place called Harker's Draw, about four miles east of Atwood, they saw a cloud shaped like a balloon, and occupied apparently by a woman, arise from the draw and float off toward the northwest. It went but a short distance when it turned and came toward them. When about two hundred yards distant and one hundred feet in the air, the balloon suddenly dissolved and left the woman with long floating hair, which completely covered her shoulders and reached to her waist, standing alone. She had one hand outstretched toward McAdams as if beckoning him.

The ghostlike scene suddenly changed again, and in place of the woman stood a horse with a large pair of saddle-bags across its back, and by its side a man with hair worn rather long and a black stove-pipe hat on his head. He was dressed in clerical garb and McAdams at once recognized him as the exact counterpart of his uncle, a Virginia circuit rider.

The apparition also turned for a moment toward the men; then, regarding McAdams gravely, it beckoned once, and mounting the horse galloped slowly off down the draw.

When Mr. McAdams called for his mail at Blakeman, he was handed a letter with a deep black border, postmarked at Three Rivers, Va. A portion of it read:

"Your uncle John was called home yesterday. He was taken ill in prayer meeting the night previous, and only lived a short time. He was conscious to the last. He asked that his library be given to you, and his dying request was that you should become a minister of the gospel, and take up the work where he left off."

Men are miserable if their education hath been so undisciplined as to leave them unfurnished of skill to spend their time; but most miserable if such misgovernment and unskillfulness make them fall into vicious company.—Jeremy Taylor.

The Sanitary Marriage.

(Boston Herald.)

The day when true sanitary marriage will become the rule is a long way off. The need must be made more plainly evident. In this country we are developing, from the amalgamation of many strains, a race wholly new to the world. Our immigrants, as they inter-marry with those who have preceded them, produce descendants of a quicker and more aggressive mental type than their own, and it is noted by Darwin that the bodies and limbs of these descendants are very noticeably longer than those of their ancestors. During our civil war the uniforms manufactured to fit the average American soldier—including those of foreign descent, though born here—were found, as a rule, to be much too long for foreigners just arrived.

When we shall have learned, and learned to apply the laws of proper selection in marriage, our race ought to be second to none in health and physical development; and that means, also, intellectual advancement. A wide step toward the needed reform has been taken by us as a people, for far more than ever before are we interested in physical culture, upon which health so clearly depends. There is a promise that it will yet have the high place in the curriculum of education which it deserves.

Our schools now, on account of the absence of a proper system of physical culture, are constantly sending out into the world young men and young women who, by reason of their infirmities, never ought to marry. And, again, our ill-ventilated counting rooms and factories are generating an army, the offspring of which must present every phase of bodily imperfection. The remedy for this is physical culture, and the sooner it is recognized by all, and particularly by our educators, the better. Social reformers and philanthropists have here a wide field for cultivation. Let them impress upon our growing youth the importance of healthy bodies, harmoniously developed by proper exercise.

Young women, perhaps even more than young men, need encouragement to strive to secure bodily perfection by proper exercise. They must realize that mere beauty of face, while it attracts and possibly excites the admiration of some, does not alone constitute true beauty, which can only be founded on perfect health.

Another thing which young ladies must remember: No matter how richly nature has endowed them with outward charms, they can retain them only as long as they enjoy good health. They may also be assured that beauty founded on perfect health continues even to old age. No one desires to see Spartanism revived in these times, but we may learn valuable lessons from it. The Spartans worshiped the beautiful and useful, and they took means to secure them. Bodily perfection was attained by enforced, well appointed exercise. There were but few sickly men and women among them. None sickly were allowed to marry, and all in health were compelled to do so; if they refused they were punished. Bachelors after a certain age were shut out of the society of women and once a year were shamed in public. Neither boys nor girls were allowed to marry before maturity was reached. This Spartan system of marriage, purely for the welfare of the State, continued for five hundred years, and during that time there were produced a succession of the strongest and bravest men and the most healthy and beautiful women that the world has ever seen.

There is a remarkable and self-imposed family law, which popularly prevails, we are told, throughout Brazil in relation to matrimony. It is recognized among all the highest classes. The man who is about to marry is required to furnish a certificate from one or more physicians that he is free from diseases of a certain character, and that he is free also from all signs of any of the diseases which are liable to be transmitted to the offspring. Not only that, but the physicians consulted must testify that, so far as they can learn, there exists no reason to believe that the union will be other than in accord with the laws of sanitation.

Sensational Developments of a Tennessee Railroad Accident.

(Soddy (Tenn.) Cor. Philadelphia Record.)

On the morning of July 24th, two miles from this place, two men were run over and mangled by a south-bound freight on the St. Louis, New Orleans, and Texas Pacific Railroad. There was suspicion of foul play, and the general belief was that they had been murdered and their bodies placed on the rails. The Coroner's jury, however, decided that the men had fallen asleep on the track. Now comes the curious part of the story. A Mr. Hardin says that on the night of July 26th he awoke from slumber and saw one of the men standing by his bedside.

He was greatly alarmed, and for some time thought he was dreaming. At length the apparition spoke: "Go," said he, "and turn to the Book of Proverbs, third chapter and twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth verses, and there you will find what caused our death, and read the fourth chapter, eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth verses. All go together." The apparition then disappeared. Mr. Hardin says he immediately arose from his bed,

and, going to a table, picked up the old family Bible, and read these verses from the third chapter of Proverbs, twenty-fourth verse:

"When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet. 25—Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked when it cometh," and then, turning a leaf of the good book, just on the reverse side of the above verses, he read from the fourth chapter as follows: "18—But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. 19—The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble. 20—My son, attend to my words."

Mr. Hardin insists that he was not dreaming, and that he never read these chapters in the Bible before that night, and he is confident that the spirit of poor Neal Manner visited him to dispel all doubts as to the cause of the death of the unfortunate men.

Many dare not express their honest opinions, for fear of persecution. Such people are slaves—they feel that they are slaves—and are despised for their cowardice by the very persons whose persecuting spirit they fear. The better way is, to be bold and independent; speak out honestly when occasions requires. Strength to bear persecution will be received in such a course.

RULES FOR THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.

The Spirit Circle is the assembling together of a number of persons seeking communion with the spirits who have passed from earth to the world of souls. The chief advantage of such an assembly is the mutual impartation and reception of the combined magnetisms of the assemblage, which form a force stronger than that of an isolated subject—enabling spirits to commune with greater power and developing the latent gifts of mediumship.

The first conditions to be observed relate to the persons who compose the circle. These should be, as far as possible, of opposite temperament, as positive and negative; of moral characters, pure minds, and not marked by repulsive points of either physical or mental condition. No person suffering from disease, or of debilitated physique, should be present at any circle, unless it is formed expressly for healing purposes. I would recommend the number of the circle never to be less than three, or more than twelve. The best number is eight. No person of a strong positive temperament should be present, as any such magnetic spheres emanating from the circle will overpower that of the spirits, who must always be positive to the circle in order to produce phenomena.

Never let the apartment be over-heated; the room should be well ventilated. Avoid strong light, which, by producing motion in the atmosphere, disturbs the manifestations. A subdued light is the most favorable for spiritual magnetism.

I recommend the seance to be opened with prayer or a song sung in chorus, after which subdued, harmonizing conversation is better than wearisome silence; but let the conversation be directed toward the purpose of the gathering, and never sink into discussion or rise to emphasis. Always have a pencil and paper on the table, avoid entering or quitting the room, irrelevant conversation, or disturbances within or without the circle after the seance has commenced.

Do not admit unpunctual comers, nor suffer the air of the room to be disturbed after the sitting commences. Nothing but necessity, indisposition, or impressions, should warrant the disturbance of the sitting, which should never exceed two hours, unless an extension of time be solicited by the spirits.

Let the seance extend to one hour, even if no results are obtained; it sometimes requires that time for spirits to form their battery. Let it be also remembered that circles are experimental, hence no one should be discouraged if phenomena are not produced at the first few sittings. Stay with the same circle for six sittings; if no phenomena are then produced, you may be sure you are not assimilated to each other; in that case, let the members meet with other persons until you succeed.

A well-developed test medium may sit without injury for any person, but a circle sitting for mutual development should never admit persons addicted to bad habits, strongly positive or dogmatical. A candid inquiring spirit is the only proper frame of mind in which to sit for phenomena, the delicate magnetism of which is made or marred as much by mental as physical conditions.

Impressions are the voices of spirits, or the manifestations of the spirit within us, and should always be followed out, unless suggestive of wrong in act or word. At the opening of the circle, one or more are often impressed to change seats with others. One or more are impressed to withdraw, or a feeling of repulsion makes it painful to remain. Let these impressions be faithfully regarded, and pledge each other that no offense shall be taken by following impressions.

If a strong impression to write, speak, sing, dance, or gesticulate, possess any mind present, follow it out faithfully. It has a meaning if you can not at first realize it. Never feel hurt in your own person, nor ridicule your neighbor for any failures to express or discover the meaning of the spirit impressing you.

Spirit control is often deficient, and at first imperfect. By often yielding to it your organism becomes more flexible, and the spirit more experienced; and practice in control is necessary for spirits as well as mortals. If dark and evil-disposed spirits manifest to you, never drive them away, but always strive to elevate them, and treat them as you would mortals, under similar circumstances. Do not always attribute falsehoods to "lying spirits," or deceiving mediums. Many mistakes occur in the communion of which you can not always be aware.

Unless charged by spirits to do otherwise do not continue to hold sittings with the same parties for more than a twelvemonth. After that time, if not before, fresh elements of magnetism are essential. Some of the original circle should withdraw, and others take their places.

Never seek the spirit circle in a trivial or deceptive spirit. Then, and then only, have you cause to fear it.

Never permit any one to sit in circles who suffers from it in health or mind. Magnetism in the case of such persons is a drug, which operates perniciously, and should be carefully avoided.

Every seventh person can be a medium of some kind, and become developed through the judicious operations of the spirit circle. When once mediums are fully developed, the circle sometimes becomes injurious to them. When they feel this

to be the case, let none be offended if they withdraw, and only use their gifts in other times and places.

All persons are subject to spirit influence and guidance, but only one in seven can so externalize this power as to become what is called a medium; and let it ever be remembered that trance speakers, no less than mediums for any other gift, can never be influenced by spirits far beyond their own normal capacity in the matter of the intelligence rendered, the magnetism of the spirits being but a quickening fire, which inspires the brain, and, like a hot-house process on plants, forces into prominence latent powers of the mind, but creates nothing. Even in the case of merely automatic speakers, writers, rappers, and other forms of test mediumship, the intelligence of the spirit is measurably shaped by the capacity and idiosyncrasies of the medium. All spirit power is limited in expression by the organism through which it works, and spirits may control, inspire, and influence the human mind, but do not change or re-create it.—Emma Hardinge-Britten.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

"Variety is the spice of life," says the old adage. It is certainly the spice of the GOLDEN GATE. We believe in the largest possible latitude of opinion,—within, of course, proper bounds,—and we endeavor to give our correspondents every reasonable opportunity to present their views upon the various questions now agitating the Spiritualistic world. If the reader is reasonable he will not object to this. If he approved of everything he found in our columns it is quite likely his neighbor across the way would rebel and order his paper discontinued.

The mighty influx of spirit power now inundating the planet, will, in the fullness of time, bring all humanity under its divine influence. It is the "beginning of the end," foretold by ancient seers—the end of the old in religious thought, the end of oppression and wrong, the end of the retarding influences that have so long bound the souls of men in bonds of error and superstition. The glory of the "new heavens and the new earth," spoken of by John in the Apocalypse, is about to be revealed to the sons of men—is even now breaking upon the wondering vision of thousands of earth's children. "Hosannah to the Lord in the highest—peace on earth—good will to men."

Throughout the universe harmony is the rule, inharmony the exception. The cyclone that sweeps the earth, leaving death and desolation in its path; the earthquake that rocks the foundations of the mountains, burying cities in its awful throes; the "pestilence that walketh by noon-day;" war, famine, and even death itself, are all efforts of the intelligent forces of the universe to bring about that harmony which Nature will have at any cost. Man, in discord with the higher purposes of his being—out of time with the divine life,—is a moral cyclone, a devastating pestilence. He is war and famine—the Satan of the Old Testament. But once adjusted to the grand diapason of Nature, he gives forth melody divine in every thought and action.

It is a cruel thing for any person to play upon the purest and holiest feelings and sentiments of the soul—the love we all bear for those who are near us on the other side of life—by simulating their return; but when such deception is practiced as a profession, for the lust of gain, as has been the case with those alleged mediums whose unholy practices have been brought to light recently in this city, the enormity of the offense becomes simply monstrous. It is the duty of all honest Spiritualists to join hands in suppressing this horrid commerce of indecency and fraud, and at the same time, with equal zeal, to uphold and honor every true medium. That there is a glorious truth in the manifestation of the psychic form, most Spiritualists know. Let us separate the true from the false, uphold one and condemn the other.

When the Methodists want to pay off a church debt, be the same more or less, they pass around the hat, and lo, the shakels come forth. When the Catholics would erect a Cathedral, the Bishop passes the word down the long line of servant girls and day laborers, and a mighty host they "step up to the Captain's office and settle." When a little handful of Seventh-Day Adventists, even,—a sect believing in a monstrous idea of the All-Father, in a personal Devil, in the sleep of the dead, in a literal resurrection of the flesh and bones of these old bodies of ours, in the annihilation of the wicked, and in an assorted lot of other absurd notions;—when these people, whom Spiritualists outnumber twenty to one, want a college, or a publishing house, or a new church, they go to work and build it. When Spiritualists—we beg pardon; "comparisons are odious."

It is a rule that he who would be respected must first respect himself. The same is true in a larger or community sense. There are thousands of excellent people in the world, in and out of the churches, who believe in the fundamental truths of Spiritualism. They are mediums for the spirits themselves, or have mediumship in their families. They know that their loved ones

who have passed on are not dead, but that they live and love them still, and that they can and do come to them when conditions are favorable. But they would not for the world be regarded as Spiritualists, nor have it known that they are subject to spirit influences. We can not blame them, when we consider how very little many Spiritualists respect their own cause. With the solution of the grandest problem of the universe in their hands—a truth that eclipses conception with its mighty results—they stand around and do little or nothing to command the respect of the world. Shall we blame the world when it reviles?

THE SUN.

How glorious is the morning sun, and how much beauty it reveals! Yes, and how many blemishes it makes plain! What a sorry life is that which would hide away when the great lamp of day is aflame over our little zone, to guide us in all our daily works, and show the obstacles in our path.

The night is sublime for those who look upward; but alas! the allurements of our artificial life catch the eye and hold the thoughts of the surging mass bent upon pleasure, so that few indeed ever see, much less contemplate the stars. They are so silent and old, as are all the infinite mysteries, they attract not the giddy and boisterous; but to those who have known the great and complete companionship of thought, these silent wonders speak a thousand tongues, and all who listen may understand.

But the sun, whom all love, and whom all think they understand because they know his power, is never out of thought. Those who seek his light, and those who shun his searching glance, are ever mindful of his mission to earth, and his ability to reveal the secrets of darkness, no less than the beauties of form and color lost in its gloom.

There is no color but in sunlight, and each lovely flower seems to choose its own from the great giver of all life and beauty. So may we choose, from the same source, all that is noble, grand, and useful in this world of ours—a healthful and perfect manhood and womanhood. Out of these have come all that make the earth a second Paradise; out of these will come the millennium.

The blessed sunshine is the source of all good, and those who seek its brightest beams will find a perfect way to all their fondest hopes and ambitions. It is the healer of all sin, but only sinners shun its renovating rays.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE CHURCHES.

In commending upon the lack of edifices erected for the uses of Spiritualists, it has frequently been said "the churches are building for us." In one sense, this statement is undoubtedly correct, for in many churches a large proportion of the attendance consists of those who have some belief in the communion with departed friends, and many have so far departed from orthodox creeds as to entertain a lively faith in the distinctive teachings of Spiritualism—a continuous, progressive life beyond the veil. In a lecture reported for the *New York World*, the Rev. Dr. Shipman, of Christ's Church, Fifth avenue and Thirty-fifth street, New York, gives utterance to sound Spiritualistic doctrine. The Rev. Doctor said:

"The spiritual world is perfectly natural, inhabited, and with all things necessary for its welfare, I do not doubt, but not to us it is visible. . . . Heaven is represented, and 'as end of all work—a sort of hospital for old superannuated souls to find rest. Men will be employed in doing God's pleasure and in deeds of good. They are mistaken who think it will be an idle life. . . . Death is no journey, but a revelation. Heaven is very near to us, the veil of mortality is only between us. . . . We speak and think of death 'as simply going from one world to the next. Could we wish our loved ones back, it would be wishing their death in heaven, the loss of their everlasting crown. Why should you weep for another star in heaven, another 'gem in the crown of God?'"

MRS. FOYE IN THE EAST.—That noble worker and one of the advance guard of Spiritualism, Mrs. Ada Foye, is now in Chicago, where she is awakening much interest. She has been under engagement for September to the Young People's Progressive Society, and the three meetings given in Martine's South Side Hall were largely attended. The Society have tendered Mrs. Foye a reception at their hall, and a large number have been invited, and a grand good time anticipated. Our good sister has reason to feel exceedingly gratified with her Chicago welcome. Her services are in great demand, and she cannot respond to the many urgent requests to visit different parts of the East. She expects to be in Boston through October. During November she will be in Philadelphia, and she is positively engaged for Cleveland for the month of December. Wherever she may go, of one thing we are certain—the truths of Spiritualism will be honestly upheld and nobly forwarded. A medium who is above even the appearance of fraud, we can but wish we had more like unto her in this respect.

—Mr. H. Pettibone, the medium, leaves next Wednesday for a trip through Southern California, he goes direct to Sacramento, where he will stop a week or more; thence to Los Angeles, and other cities. He desires to form developing classes wherever he goes.

PUBLIC OPINION.

People who live for a while in the same society or community gradually assimilate more or less in thought, feeling, ideas, and habits. That constitutes that general conviction, sympathy, or spirit we call public opinion. It is a kind of atmosphere in which we all live, and breathe, and have our being. If it is bright, clear, and healthy, it will quite unconsciously give a healthy tone to our thoughts, feelings, and actions, but if it is foul, it will touch every soul with its taint.

It is the spirit that creates, fashions, political and religious enthusiasms. It is the medium through which good or bad examples spread, and exert a silent but powerful influence. Few are aware how little they owe to themselves, and how much they have been shaped and tintured by this subtle, social force.

We are all a little in danger of unconsciously adopting public opinion as a sort of standard of what is true and right and proper to be done, and feel quite safe and happy so long as we glide in the current thought, feeling and taste. It is a very unsafe thing to do, for when we come to look at the matter, we find there is hardly a form of wrong, error, cruelty, or absurdity, that has not at some time been enshrined in the popular judgment. Public opinion made it right to steal in Sparta, enslave aliens in Greece, murder slaves in Rome, burn heretics, drown witches, and pelt with stones and epithets. Public opinion threw up its hat and waved its handkerchief while a Missouri mob murdered Elijah Lovejoy for speaking a kind word for the slave. Public opinion crucified Jesus, burnt John Huss, and imprisoned Galileo.

And yet it is well for us to heed respectfully the voice of public opinion. It is the aggregate moral consciousness of a community, and is often the best under the circumstances. A bad government is better than no government, and a poor system of religion is better than none. Public opinion is usually conservative of some form of social order. It is the blind and oftentimes blundering way in which the instinct of right feels after the light, and if it should take the form of lynch law or a vigilance committee, it is better in that shape than utter lawlessness.

It is right here that we come upon the special work of Spiritualism. It is to correct public opinion. All honor to the brave souls who stood by this new gospel in the day of its trials and obloquy. Still the fact is potent that this beautiful belief can only extend its blessings by capturing and dominating public opinion. Our press is doing a noble work in that direction; it clears away the rubbish that naturally gathers around a new idea; it exposes fraud and drives impostors from the field; and it minnows the wheat from the chaff. But it is hampered, and should be more amply endowed. Still we have no cause for discouragement, for Spiritualism has reached in forty years a greater following than Christianity in a thousand years; it has developed talent and built up a body of literature that for depth of philosophy, acuteness of logic, richness and brilliancy of imagination and variety, has no reason to fear a comparison with the learned ecclesiasticisms of the day.

MAN.

Our scientists have been greatly troubled to find a definition of man that will clearly and absolutely discriminate him from all the rest of the animal kingdom. Some writers, like Carlyle or Victor Hugo, who like stunning definitions, have called him the tool-handling animal, the only animal that laughs and cries, wears clothes or cooks his food. We would respectfully suggest that there are a few qualities, usually overlooked, that ought to enter into the generalization of this curious creature, that may not be very pleasant to contemplate.

For instance, man is the only animal that kills for the love of killing. The tiger or lion kills to satiate hunger, but man will hunt for useless game, and shoot, snare and torture, prompted by the exquisite pleasure of taking life.

Man is the only animal that chews. The cow chews her cud, but this is in conformity to the law of nutrition, but man chews gum or tobacco as an amusement. We are not inclined to be cynical, but we must take the liberty of calling attention to the fact that man is the only animal that chews without any regard to the law of nutrition. He chews just for the fun of chewing,—to keep his grinding powers in exercise between meals.

The power to expectorate, or in the common vernacular, to spit, is a part of a wise and beneficial economy of nature to help him in case he should happen to be sea-sick, have a tooth pulled or be compelled to take a bitter drug; but the man who lives in obedience to physical law will not avail himself the spitting privilege more than is absolutely necessary. But man, by the help of tobacco, has been enabled to spit all the time, and what was an unpleasant necessity has been elevated into a perpetual pleasure. So wonderful has this power of spawling from the mouth been developed, that we may seriously call this an age of spittoons. These dirty receptacles and sources of bad smells are to be found everywhere, in the halls of congress, court-houses, cars, parlors, offices, and often in the pulpits and pews.

Man is the only animal that swears. But this ugly habit is said to be peculiar to the Western Nations. It is the poet Cowper who tells the story of an Asiatic who heard an English lawyer,

engaged in conversation, punctuate his sentences with the name of Deity, and concluded he was a religious teacher, a very holy man, and actually asked to be remembered in his prayers. We are seriously inclined to think that a genuine American can out-chew, out-spit, out-smoke, and out-swear, any other nationality of people.

JOHN SLATER'S BIRTHDAY.

Mr. John Slater, the eminent platform medium, entertained his many friends at Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, last Monday evening, on the occasion of his twenty-seventh birthday. The hall was crowded to overflowing, and the stage literally covered with flowers—those tender expressions of loving greetings from his many admirers. Judging from the elaborate floral gifts Mr. Slater's path through life would indeed lead only through rose-embowered roads, if the good-will of his hosts of friends could make it.

The early part of the evening was devoted to music, recitations, etc., the host contributing largely to this part of the entertainment. He sang twice, and his voice, which is always peculiarly soft and musical, seemed new-touched with some far-off melody for the evening. Perhaps it was the deeper response of the soul to the flowing tide of good feeling which swept in upon him from those present—the seen and unseen. His comic recitation was inimitable, and convulsed the audience with laughter.

Miss Lina Crews rendered a fine inspirational piano solo in exquisite taste and touch. This young lady is making remarkable progress in her musical studies, under the instruction of invisible teachers.

The musical program over, Mr. Slater gave tests for about a half hour, in his happiest mood and style. The evening closed with a social dance, which was entered into with much spirit; and harmony and gaiety reigned till near midnight, when the homeward march was taken up, each wending his particular way to home and to rest. It was altogether a most enjoyable meeting. He was also the recipient of many rich and beautiful remembrances.

The GOLDEN GATE joins hands with those who wish a "God-speed" to our brother. May his life be long, and "his years full of usefulness" to the cause to which he brings a mediumship of no uncertain ring.

WHAT HE WOULD HAVE COME TO PASS.

According to Talmage the world is going backward, not forward, as we have all been fondly and joyously believing, especially during the birth of our most glorious Republic. We had fancied that its broadest provision, now so fully realized by us and all those from other lands, was ever to remain the blessing of all under the stars and stripes; and that eventually our principles of perfect personal and intellectual freedom would permeate the ruling minds of all nations, when there should be no more persecution for opinion's or Christ's sake.

But what says Talmage, that great man of our free country, who sometimes speaks eloquently of the world's advancement, and the great blessing of a free government, a government of, for and by the people? Hear him: "The time is 'going to come (you and I may not live to see it, but it will come just as sure as there is a 'God,') when the Infidels and Atheists, who 'openly and out and out and above board' 'preach and practice Infidelity and Atheism,' will be considered as criminals against God. 'Society will push out the leper, and the 'wretch with soul gangrened and ichorous and 'vermin-covered and rotting apart with his 'bestiality, will be left to die in the ditch and 'denied decent burial; and men will come with 'spades and cover up the carcass where it falls 'that it poison not the air, and the only text in 'all the Bible appropriate for the burial sermon 'will be Jeremiah, xxii, 19: 'He shall be buried 'with the burial of an ass.'"

This same God whom Talmage appears to know so much, commands him not to judge, lest he be judged. But it would seem that he and Mr. Childs, of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, are running up a long account with God on this score: The latter is said to have some time ago forbidden all reference to Colonel Ingersoll in the columns of his paper. True it is that ideas move the world, but not false ones: herein lies the harmlessness of bigoted tirade.

MRS. A. L. BALLOU IN INDIANA.—Mrs. Ballou has been lecturing on Spiritualism, in Indiana, since the close of the National encampment, at Columbus, Ohio. In reporting the proceedings of the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists, the *Daily Evening Bulletin*, of Anderson, said: "On Saturday evening Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, of San Francisco, Cal., arrived in the city unexpectedly. She is one of the foremost 'Spiritualists in the United States, and has lectured upon the subject in almost every portion of the globe. At the breaking out of the war 'Mrs. Ballou went to the front, and during that 'four years of terrible blood-shed and suffering, 'could be found constantly upon the battle fields 'and in hospitals, administering to the wants of 'the dead and dying. She is an enthusiastic 'member of the Woman's Relief Corps, G. A. 'R., and was a delegate from California to the 'recent National encampment, at Columbus, 'Ohio. When a girl she resided in northern 'Ohio, and her father's house was a station 'along the line of an underground railroad. 'Mrs. Ballou addressed the convention yesterday afternoon, and the way she did talk politics 'was a caution. She referred to the subject incidentally during her remarks, but becoming 'warmed up, dwelt upon the theme at length 'and in a manner that democrats despise. The 'lady believes first, last and all the time in voting as you shot. She will deliver a free lecture 'this evening, at Westerfield's, hall upon the 'subject of Spiritualism.'"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mrs. Willis Fletcher is seriously ill at her residence in Boston.

—Speakers wishing to make engagements in Michigan are requested to correspond with Mrs. Ella A. Towers, Mattawan.

—Mr. W. J. Colville will speak in Berkeley Hall, Boston, the Sunday afternoons of October, at 3 o'clock, under the auspices of the First Independent Club.

—We give thanks to W. H. Fernald for "The Spiritual Reformation," by Dr. Brittan, and "Spiritualism, or Philosophy of Knowledge," by Story, and other contributors to our free reading room.

—The following telegram was received at this office from W. H. King, San Diego, Sept. 27th: "Mrs. Reynolds caught last night with wigs and 'paraphernalia, etc. Now in jail. Will send 'details.'"

—A long report from the Psychical Research Society, containing the sworn statement of Mrs. Josie Hoffman, will appear in next week's GOLDEN GATE, it being unavoidably crowded out this week.

—Mr. Colville's new book, "Mental Therapeutics," is just out. We have sent to him our list of subscribers for the same, to Chicago. The books will be mailed from that place direct to each subscriber.

—Gerald Massey, the celebrated English poet, writer and lecturer, sails to-day from Liverpool for New York. He will probably deliver a course of lectures in this city during his visit to America, under the able management of Dr. Albert Morton.

—There will be no article more read and enjoyed in this week's issue than Amos Adams' "Pilgrims' Land," on the first page. It is full of interesting historical detail; dear to every American heart, set in a delightful frame-work of pleasing description.

—We are informed that Mrs. Anna Kimball-Chaney and Miss Beatrice Oxford are having large classes in psychic and physical culture, in Minneapolis, Minn. There is a great interest manifest in St. Paul, and more experienced and efficient teachers needed.

—No mother, whose heart has been rent in twain at her own broken bedside, should fail to read the comforting words of that grand soul, Cora L. V. Richmond, on "baby" Stella Warner. There is so much of hope and sweet consolation in her utterances that it must be a balm to any bereaved heart.

—The Spiritual Fraternity Society, at First Spiritual Temple, Boston, will commence its public meetings Sunday, October 7th. Temple Fraternity school for children, at 10:30 A. M.; afternoon service at 2:45; and Wednesday evening sociable at 7:30. Mrs. H. S. Lake's guides will speak the months of October and November.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the platform test medium, will make her bow to a San Francisco audience on Sunday evening, October 7th, at Odd Fellows' Hall, after an absence of eight months or more, during which time she has worn the laurel crown in other places, among strangers, as a medium of unquestioned ability. She will undoubtedly be given a grand reception.

—Mr. J. W. Fletcher will speak the Sundays of October in Providence, R. I.; of November in Willimantic, Conn., and Springfield, Mass.; of December, Springfield; of January, New London and Norwich, Conn.; February, Lowell, Mass.; May, Providence, R. I. For other dates, address 6 Beacon street, Boston, Mass. Mr. Fletcher will speak in New England only for the present season.

—The *Banner of Light*, the pioneer Spiritualist paper of America, and doubtless the oldest paper of its kind in the world, has just entered upon its sixty-fourth volume—the last half of its thirty-second year. The grand old *Banner* has brought comfort to many a sorrowing soul. May it continue to wave when ages have rolled away. By the way, Bro. Colby, please send us an extra copy for our reading room.

—Mrs. F. Seal, a medium with the rare mediumistic power which cures the liquor and opium habits, and also treats with success many forms of disease, left for Los Angeles last week, where she expects to practice her beautiful gifts for the benefit of weak and suffering humanity. The cure of the tobacco habit is guaranteed, or no fee will be charged. We recommend Mrs. Seal to our brothers and sisters in the City of Angels.

—Hon. W. W. McKaig will speak for the First Unitarian Church, San Jose, Sunday, September 30th, both morning and evening. His subject for the morning service is, "Blasted Edens;" for the evening he will consider "Man as a Pleasure Seeker." It is the same congregation which the Doctor presided over regularly several years ago, and his many friends in the Garden City will hail with delight this opportunity of hearing their favorite speaker.

—The French Lodge of Masons in this city, on the evening of the 26th inst., adopted as their special charge some forty children or more, with appropriate and impressive ceremonies, consistent with their secret order. We heartily approve of all steps taken by those of mature years, and full of experience, that will in any manner assist the young in their rough pathway up the steep hillside of life. We are a firm believer in that old adage, "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined."

—A good sister, writing from Santa Maria, in renewing her subscription to the GOLDEN GATE for another year, says: "A postal came to hand 'some time since telling us of the expiration of 'the year of our cherished GOLDEN GATE. I 'trust you will pardon my delay as I have expected to settle with Mr. B.—, as I told 'him to consider me one of his club, but I have 'failed as yet to see him. Fraternalty yours for 'the truth, and with sincere desire that long live 'the GOLDEN GATE, for there is none other such 'spiritualistic publication.'"

Letter from W. J. Colville.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

As I am constantly in receipt of letters from all parts of California, asking me numberless questions I can not possibly answer by private correspondence, I must again beg leave to trespass on your hospitality, and send a few words of greeting and friendly remembrance to the ever-increasing list of friends who weekly peruse the GOLDEN GATE to their edification and delight.

My experiences in Chicago during the month now drawing to a close have been uniformly pleasant. Great interest has been manifested in the work in which I am constantly engaged, though nothing of a sensational or exciting nature has transpired, with the exception of an occasional discussion with some evidently well-meaning and intensely enthusiastic ladies, who hold some very peculiar opinions with regard to the coming of a personal Messiah, and the establishment of a settlement in Palestine, not particularly of Israelites, but of representatives of all faiths and nationalities.

On the Sundays of September I have been greeted with very fine audiences at Martine's Hall, 55 South Ada street, which has been renovated and improved and now presents a very attractive appearance. It has a seating capacity of fully five hundred, but being a dancing academy, the number of chairs in the hall is not so large as could be desired.

The First Society of Spiritualists, under whose auspices I have been engaged, is seemingly in a flourishing and harmonious condition. Several of the old workers are as energetic and faithful as they were when the Society started many years ago. Dr. Lewis Bushnell, the genial and efficient President, has occupied the position continuously for thirteen years. He is always at his post, and does an immense amount of good work as a healer under spiritual influence. Mr. Slocum, the Treasurer, has also filled that responsible position for many consecutive years, and is indefatigable in his exertions to keep the exchequer full. Mrs. Hoffman, who is known as the "Flower Queen," regularly supplies the platform with abundance of the choicest flowers always arranged with exquisite taste and artistic skill.

One very pleasant feature in the Society is the almost universal unity of thought and feeling among the various members of the respective families. All Dr. Bushnell's and Mr. Slocum's efforts are fully and most sympathetically shared by Mrs. Bushnell and Mrs. Slocum, while Mrs. Hoffman finds in her noble husband an earnest and most efficient fellow-worker. The music is always a pleasant feature. Mr. J. C. Davis, the talented organist, is a very cultivated gentleman, as well as a thorough musician. To his successful endeavors, aided by those of his estimable parents, the Society is deeply indebted for one of the most attractive features in its services.

On Thursday evenings a series of very pleasant meetings have been held, Sept. 6th and 13th at Lodge Hall; Sept. 20th and 27th at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Congar, 247 Ogden avenue. On alternate Thursdays the Band of Harmony meets. The object of this auxiliary society is to assist in raising funds for carrying on the general work as well as to promote the social element among members and visitors.

Mr. Rudolf King, the eminent pianist, who has now returned to Boston, has assisted liberally with his valuable services. He gave a soiree musicale on Saturday evening, Sept. 15th, which was attended by a very select and truly delighted audience.

Classes in Spiritual Science have proved very successful. The attendance has been very large in the afternoons when the exercises have taken place in the spacious lecture room of the First Methodist Church, Clark and Washington streets, in the very centre of the city. The evening class, at 247 Ogden avenue, has been very harmonious, though not so large, as the greatest interest in metaphysical subjects seems to prevail on the south side, among the very best elements of Chicago Society.

I find here, as well as elsewhere, that extreme views are rapidly giving place to liberal, practical theories. Mrs. Bittinger and many other excellent healers are doing a great work in practically benefiting the suffering. Rev. Joseph Adams conducts a popular Christian Science service every Sunday morning in Hooley's Theatre I hear from those who attend it that his audiences are large, and his preaching very effective. Mrs. Emma Hopkins has now settled in a pleasant house on Indiana avenue. Mrs. Plunkett is in New York, editing a very useful magazine.

I have not met any representatives of the Theosophical Society in any official capacity since I have been here, so can not say how far Theosophy, as a distinct movement, is progressing here.

Mrs. Ada Foye, I understand, is very popular on the south side. She lectures and holds seances on Twenty-second street, fully four miles from the hall where I have spoken on Sundays.

Mrs. Mattie Hull has made many friends by her able and inspiring lectures, delivered on Sunday afternoons at a hall on Fifth avenue.

The finest speaker I have ever heard on any platform is that extremely progressive Rabbi, Dr. Hirsch, who conducts the services in Sinai Temple, Indiana avenue

and Twenty-first street. His delivery is so impressive, his voice and manner so telling, that he has the rare ability to interest people in a German discourse if they can see as well as hear him deliver it, even though they understand scarcely a word of that language. He speaks in English every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. He is a wonderful man, whom no progressive thinker visiting Chicago should miss hearing.

Music and the drama are at their best in this large, mid-continental city, but in spite of all advantages here in the heart of the Republic, I cannot say I prefer this city to San Francisco, and as to its climate, while the weather has not been by any means unpleasant, it is by no means so agreeable as the more equable temperature of California.

During October, I am engaged in Boston. I speak Sundays, October 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th in Berkeley Hall, at 3 P. M., and have the promise of very large classes during the week. My next letter will be from that great far Eastern center.

Of course the GOLDEN GATE keeps me pretty well posted with regard to matters in California; still there are many items of information in my possession which have reached me only through private channels, for all of which I sincerely thank my thoughtful correspondents. Mrs. Josephine Wilson has written to me very fully about the work at 106 McAllister street, which she has been compelled to carry forward almost single-handed. I understand the furniture of the hall is now in her name, and if I am ever to return and work there, I know of no one whom I could unite with in every undertaking more harmoniously. Mrs. Wilson is a perfect host in herself, but I do hope the many friends who expressed themselves desirous of seeing the College kept open will substantially assist this noble worker in her arduous endeavors, and not let one lady have so much more than her rightful share of the financial burden to bear.

I hear from Los Angeles that the College at 640 South Hill street is progressing very favorably, and that I am expected to return to that city at an early date.

From San Diego I learn that Miss Susie Johnson of Long Beach has been giving great satisfaction, and that I am also expected there. From Alameda and Oakland I have not heard very recently.

Now I cannot say anything definitely just yet as to my impending movements, but I expect to be again among you about the middle of November. If any definite proposition is to be made me from San Francisco or the cities across the bay, I hope I may receive a decidedly definite statement at once from those most interested, as I cannot possibly keep dates open on an uncertainty.

My new book, "Spiritual Therapeutics," is just out. I have not tried to receive any more advance subscriptions, as the book is now in the market, and publishers tell me it is very reasonable at \$1 (post free). It has considerably over three hundred pages, and is handsomely and substantially bound. I have considerably enhanced its value by republishing in it some very valuable articles from the pen of that noble and gifted lady, Dr. Anna Kingsford, on the subject of "Philosophic Unity," in advocacy of strictly humanitarian practices, in opposition to vivisection and other legalized barbarities. I have sent you this day by freight one hundred copies of "Spiritual Therapeutics." Therefore readers of the GOLDEN GATE will remember that you can supply the book to all your readers who may desire to possess it.

With many good wishes and kindest remembrances to my numerous California friends, and trusting I may hear definitely from some of them without delay, believe me as ever your sincere friend and fellow-worker,

W. J. COLVILLE.
Address, Care of *Banner of Light*,
9 Bosworth street, Boston, Mass.

Fraternity Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last Sunday, at 1:30 o'clock P. M., we had a very interesting lyceum, and from 3 to 5 P. M., a social and test meeting. In the evening we had a large audience. The invocation was delivered by Mrs. S. Cowell, of East Oakland (the lady being one of the hardest workers in the cause of Spiritualism in Oakland), followed by good congregational singing.

Mrs. Wiggins, of San Francisco, delivered a very interesting address. Subject: "Love one another," and upon the Phenomena of Spiritualism." Mrs. Ladd-Finnegan, of San Francisco, occupied the platform the remainder of the evening, giving excellent tests for over one hour, convincing many as to the truth of spirit life and the return of departed loved ones. Next Sunday we have our usual afternoon meeting, and at 7:30 P. M., home talent, assisted by Mrs. Wiggins and Mrs. Ladd-Finnegan. All are cordially invited to meet with and join us in advancing this great cause.

Very respectfully,
MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.
OAKLAND, Cal., Sept. 24, 1888.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism. — dollars."

Meetings at Metaphysical College.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The meetings in W. J. Colville's College Hall, 106 McAllister street, are quite entertaining and instructive. Mrs. Josephine Wilson and Mrs. Harris lecture on Sunday afternoons and evenings on Metaphysical Science, and also on some of the week days to their classes.

John Slater, the wonderful test medium, celebrated his twenty-seventh birthday in this same hall last Monday evening, by giving tests to his large, intelligent audience, who had crowded the stage with the choicest of bouquets, and pyramids of roses, with smiles and evergreens, giving an effect that language fails to describe. For with every present and every rose that had been so artistically arranged, the magnetism of the persons so arranging and giving was of such a nature and so powerful as to almost overcome the sensitive recipient. But after the music and a few moments respite from the stage, he amused the audience by his tests, comic songs, and dancing, accompanied with the rendition of "The Cuckoo," which put every body into good humor. When twenty-seven years more of mediumistic experiences have crowned his work, we doubt not that philosophy and logic, coupled with profound and sterling truths, will be given to the thousands of waiting souls through this excellent medium.

On Thursday evenings in this hall, intelligent audiences, composed mostly of thoughtful investigators and searchers for truth, convene to hold a developing circle, immediately after short speeches, music and recitations have been had. These circles, thus far, have been very harmonious. Some psychometric readings and tests have been given, and some acknowledged to have been nearly sick when they entered the hall, went out feeling quite well. Mr. D. had fever, and declined sitting in the circle on that account. Mrs. Logan, whose office is 841 Market street, one of our old healers and lecturers, who instituted and presides over these meetings, laid one hand on his forehead, and the other on the back of his neck, when in five minutes the fever subsided, and a profuse perspiration instead.

Let the skeptic note the difference between calomel, quinine, and morphine administered by the old school practitioners and the healing power vouchsafed and applied by the angel world through their mediums.

Thus the good work progresses, and when Mr. Colville returns in November, he will have the best reason to be pleased that his students have not let the hall stand unoccupied, but have endeavored to keep the ball rolling that he so successfully set in motion.

R. A.
SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 26, 1888.

Grand Words of Encouragement.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Many years have passed since I have written words of approval to any journal such as I feel constrained to write to-day to you. But reading your valuable paper stirs my heart in perusing its words of truth and encouragement, to the great cause that you so nobly advocate. Go on, my brother, defending the right, upholding the downtrodden, and giving a helping hand to every friend in need.

I feel my time on the earth plane is drawing to an end, and what good I can do I shall not fail to do, and I trust that with this life's ending the true life will have begun. Oh! that I had the tongue of Demosthenes, that I could preach to the listening world the sublime glories of our loved cause. Oh! that I had the pen of a ready writer, that through your noble medium I could tell the beauties that cluster around our faith; that I could influence the young, the unthinking, of this age and generation, to investigate, to drink at the fountain of living waters, which is Spiritualism—a fountain whose source is inexhaustible, in whose clear, pellucid depths the light of immortality shines brighter and brighter, until the perfect day.

Your work is noble, grand—sowing seed that shall spring up and bear a hundredfold long after the thinking brain and untiring hand shall have left this life, and carrying on the glorious work in the sun-bright clime toward which we are all hastening. Although men may not applaud, may not see as we see, or know as we know, yet the All-governing Spirit of the universe shall know through what devious paths you have reached the summit, and gazing over the hills and valleys of disappointment, see the shining shore of everlasting rest. Press onward, brother. Spirits gentle ever attend you, is the true prayer of an advocate of truth.

P. GEORGE.
LOS ANGELES, Sept. 23, 1888.

AN APPEAL.

It has been thought best by the Board of Directors of the California Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association to try and remove its indebtedness by subscription, and if those who are able to contribute will do so, the burden will be light. To this end a number of subscription papers have been prepared, which will be circulated and sent to different parts of the State. Subscriptions will be received at the office of the GOLDEN GATE, names and amounts placed upon the list, and forwarded to the Financial Secretary.

The Association has property about equal to its liabilities. A portion of these, at least, it is very desirable to keep for future use, and could only be disposed of at a sacrifice that would not be prudent to make. The indebtedness is about one thousand dollars. It is to be hoped that as this is the only appeal that has been made publicly on behalf of the Association, that it will be readily responded to.

Any information desired in addition to what has been already published, will be promptly given by addressing the Corresponding Secretary, Geo. H. Hawes, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco. C. E. ELIOT, Financial Sec'y, 462 Ninth street, Oakland.

It is little the sign of a wise or good man to suffer temperance to be transgressed in order to purchase the repute of a generous entertainer.

For some time a so-called "gospel" tent has been erected in this city, in which certain "Evangelists" hold forth nightly. A few evenings ago one of the preachers gave utterance to the following comforting remarks:

"People are dying now and going to either heaven or hell. Some of you may have a husband in hell, a wife in hell, brothers or sisters in hell, a father or mother in hell, or children in hell."

And then he concluded his address with some thoughts calculated to encourage his hearers. He said:

"Dear ungodly people, you who think God's people are a trouble to you because we warn you of your danger, and tell you about the way of salvation, have a little patience. You will soon be in hell, and God's people will not trouble you there, for there will not be a Christian in hell."

It is such stuff as this, miscalled gospel preaching, that makes infidels.—*Signs of the Times.*

Gathered Home.

Dr. Robert M. Thomas, of Cardington, Ohio, aged 30 years, launched his boat on the great ocean of eternity, August 20, 1888.

After years of suffering from army disabilities, he welcomed the boatman, that came to ferry him over, as a friend, and shrank not when he heard the keel of the boat grating on the sand, but at dawn of day his pure spirit winged its flight to sunny land—the land he had longed to see. The beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism was a great comfort to him as he neared the golden shore. Being richly endowed with great spiritual perceptions, he could distinctly feel the presence of loved spirit friends that had come to take him home. Dr. Thomas lived his religion—he put it to practical daily use—and his pure and upright life leaves an influence that will brighten as the years go by.

Services were held at the residence by Bro. A. B. French, of Clyde, Ohio, who was listened to by a large and intellectual audience, eager to catch every word as they fell from his inspired lips. Dr. Thomas was a true husband, a true friend, a true soldier, and a true Spiritualist. He was a great humanitarian while here, and we feel that his field of usefulness will now be extended.

Over the river my loved one waits,
He who was perfect and free from sin,
Faithfully stands by the golden gate,
Waiting to welcome his Mary in.
He was so faithful, fond and true,
Nobly he worked for justice and right;
See how his dear hands beckon to me
Over the mist-hidden river of light.
He has returned from that heaven of bliss,
Bringing this message so rich and grand,
Over the river—life's beautiful river—
Your husband is waiting in spirit land;
I saw not the angel who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see,
And yet I know that over the river
My loved one is waiting to welcome me.

MRS. DR. THOMAS.
CARDINGTON, O., Sept. 20, 1888.

RED SEAL GRANULATED 98 PER CENT LYE OR POTASH.

SAN JOSE, April 5, 1888.
P. C. TOMSON, & Co., PHILA:—I have made three experiments with your Red Seal Granulated 98 Per Cent Caustic Lye with the following results: First, I used twenty-seven cans of the Lye in twenty-seven gallons of water, and sprayed twenty-seven trees with this solution. At first it looked as if these trees were killed, but they have come out in full bloom and look strong and thrifty. I then changed and used one can to seven gallons of water, but found that this was a little too weak, and finally settled down to about five gallons of water to a can of the Lye, and this has completely destroyed all the scale.

This 98 Per Cent Lye, it will be noticed, has only 2 per cent of salt, and as the soil on this Coast must have quite enough of salt already, it follows that all salt used is a positive injury not only to the trees, but also to the land. We are quite sure that Red Seal Granulated Lye will destroy all kinds of insects, and is the cheapest and best of anything that has ever yet been discovered. Call at your grocery store for Tomson's Red Seal Granulated 98 Per Cent Lye; or send two postage stamps to P. C. Tomson & Co., 248 North Third street, Philadelphia, and we will send you a book that will give you all the information that is known in regard to killing insects, and much more valuable information. ap14-6m*

ADVISE TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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ONLY ONE AGENT to each town or city is wanted. Those that desire the same will please advise me at once, and I will mail them full particulars as to prices, etc.

The book is well advertised, and the many sales we have made is proof that this is the proper time for a book like this.

[TITLE PAGE.]

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M., Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited. Admission, free. The Library and Reading Room of this Society is located at 341 Market street, "Carrier Dove" office, and is open every week day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.; also, Saturday evenings. Meetings by same Society, at same place, every Sunday evening, at which a choice musical and literary entertainment will be offered, for benefit of their free spiritual library. Admission, 10 cents.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 109½ and 113½ Market street. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN WILL HOLD SPIRITUAL meetings in W. J. Colville's College Hall, 106 McAllister street, Thursday evenings. Speeches, music and a circle formed of the entire audience for healing, development and tests. Admission, 10 cents.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY Wednesday evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 211, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission, free.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

THE SOCIETY FOR THEOSOPHICAL RESEARCH meets regularly every Friday evening at 106 McAllister street, at 7:30 sharp. Free library and free admission.

MRS. J. R. WILSON'S CLASSES IN SPIRITUAL Science, at 106 McAllister street, on Monday and Thursday, at 2 P. M. 1m*

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The New Education: Moral, Industrial, Hygienic, Intellectual. By J. RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.	\$ 1.50
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Order of Light.

For the Golden Gate, by Sarah Saidie, leader of the Children of the Light, to the children of the Order of Light in Earth Land, through the Office of the Order, Wm. S. S. Press.

SAIDIE TO HER CHILDREN—Greetings!
All o'er the land Saidie looks with the clear vision of the exalted spirit, noting where the lines of light have fallen upon receptive hearts, kindling there the altar fires of a love which fades not away. The love of the Infinite, which tells itself in human progress, human uplifting,—and not only that, but reaching back into the vista of the past, discloses to the mind of man actual existences in which each unfolded soul has borne a part.

Saidie has seen how the thoughts of many are puzzled over these vexed questions of existence; has seen how the masses fail to perceive the superiority of the light she faintly would see illumine the whole earth, until not one shadow should be felt in the hearts of the people. She reaches back into the past that she may strengthen the present, and here light a lamp which will give each future a greater brightness. There are many all over the earth who, could they understand and know, would build even now in this present a stronger, more firm foundation of future good; but alas! living only in the present, with present needs and circumstances crowding close, they see not, nor rightly understand the claims life has upon them, knowing not that its chance and change are but paving stones in the way, marked out, wherein they must walk.

From life to life again, in one continuous round and round, evolution's flight continually carries mankind on, ever towards the final resting-place, the home of the soul which is being built for each wayfarer—each pilgrim who has gone forth from the Father's home of light, love and peace to battle with the lesser good, to meet the discipline needed, in order to bring forth the possibilities and powers which are the bequeathed inheritance of each and every child of the Infinite.

Therefore it has been given to Saidie to become wisdom mother and guide to the children of earth, by whom Saidie means those unfolded ones who have sought dwelling places upon earth—the planet long watched as a field of future promise. Those whom Saidie calls her own are among those with whom she has been associated during ages of watching, ages of unfoldment, and ages of work, such as earth's children have not yet attained knowledge of.

When Saidie speaks of these things, she opens no doors which lead into mythical realms of thought and belief. She opens wide the door of wisdom, where knowledge of the past may be freely gleaned, where principles of life are fully unfolded, and where the laws of infinite love reveal themselves to the full knowledge and understanding of man, and from whence each one may glean inner perceptions of a life that is divine in its expression, whether clothed in materiality, or wearing the garments of the spirit.

Into such a realm Saidie invites each child of the Infinite. Its doors are never closed to any earnest seeker after light and truth. The temple is within you. See to it that it is kept pure and clean, for there the angels long to enter, that they may minister to you in all truth and love. Spirits from the past hover near each one—spirits who have borne a part in your life's history. Could but the spiritual vision be opened, the spiritual perceptions be made more clear, it were easy for Saidie's light to be perceived in its brilliancy and purity. She gives knowledge as the key with which to unlock many hidden mysteries of the past. She has now only lifted a veil which hangs over many minds. Veils of mist, veils of forgetfulness, must be lifted, ere knowledge bright and good can reach humanity's heart.

The angels long to bless, long to baptize the land with greater wisdom. Ye children of men who long to know of a certainty the wisdom of the ages, turn your thought from the mythical shadows of the present toward the sunlight of eternal truth; unveil your highest gifts, that these may expand and enlarge, and you be able to grasp the higher light which has come to earth. So shall the whole land feel the added baptism of the higher spheres, and mankind will know that a brighter day has dawned—even a day in which darkness and error shall have flown away. Children in earth land, let this day-dawn come in each heart, and greater happiness shall come to you. Peace be with you.

SAIDIE.
J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel Order of Light.
OSWEGO, September 9, 1888.

Cassadaga.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Cassadaga Lake branch of the Universal Co-operative Temperance Union was organized Wednesday, Sept. 12th, with the following officers: President, Mrs. Rathburn; Vice-President, Mrs. O. E. Tousey; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. J. E. Hyde. The Society will engage in general reform and literary culture. It starts with twenty-five members.

Quite a number of families are going to remain here all Winter. Arrangements have been made to increase the desir-

ability of permanent residence at the camp. The place now boasts of a postoffice (Lily Dale); a resident physician (homoeopath and electrician); a resident teacher, who will instruct pupils either singly or in class; an instructor on violin, piano, and organ; two or three mediums, etc. Besides the literary society already mentioned, residents have access to a growing library, so that the educational features are quite noteworthy. Several parties have signified their willingness to receive boarders, or to rent rooms, wherein people may board themselves. Arrangements have been made for the supply of groceries, provisions, etc., so that there will be no danger of a famine.

Those who wish to locate at Cassadaga permanently may now do so, and be sure of the comforts and advantages of community life, together with the higher advantages of residence in a spiritual atmosphere, apart from the materialistic influences of city life. The prospect is that Cassadaga will become quite a little "city in the woods."

LILY DALE, N. Y., Sept. 18, 1888.

Do not fret; it only adds to your burden. To work hard is very well; but to work hard and worry, too, is more than human nature can bear.

PUBLICATIONS.

NEW INSPIRATIONAL SONGS.

BY C. PAVSON LONGLEY.

Author of "Over the River," and other popular Melodies.

Beautiful Home of the Soul.
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Gathering Flowers in Heaven.
In Heaven We'll know Our Own.
I'm Going to My Home.
Love's Golden Chain.
Our Beautiful Home Over There.
Our Beautiful Home Above.
Oh! Come, for My Poor Heart is Breaking
Once it was only Soft Blue Eyes.
The City just Over the Hill.
The Golden Gates are left ajar.
Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair.
Who Sings My Child to Sleep?
We're Coming, Sister Mary.
We'll Meet again in the Morning Land
When the Dear Ones Gather at Home.
Only a Thin Veil Between Us.
Child of the Golden Sunshine.
Home of My Beautiful Dreams.

Single song 25 cts., or 5 for One Dollar, sent postpaid For sale at the office of the GOLDEN GATE.

THE MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIENCES

—OF—

JOHN BROWN, THE MEDIUM OF THE ROCKIES

With an Introduction by Prof. J. S. Loveland.

This work is not a biography, but simply a part of the mediumistic life of the author. No claim is put forth of literary finish. To make the book readable and comprehensible has been the only aim of the author and editor; and as the former had no education in early life, and has acquired through his mediumship most of what he now possesses, it furnishes another illustration of the good of Spiritualism. Cloth, pp. 167. Price, \$1.00.
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Phrenology and Moral Culture.

[Ed. G. G.—A chapter on "Phrenology and Moral Culture," comes as a favor from my friend, Prof. D. N. Fowler, of London, and is worthy of an attentive reading on this side of the Atlantic.—S. W. Jewett.]

Man is a mystery to himself in proportion as he is ignorant of himself; and he cannot attain true manhood while he is ignorant of himself.

Man is composed of organs and functions, with their laws and principles. He has two sets of organs and functions, each having laws adapted to them. The most difficult of all investigations is that of the mind; and the proper way to study it is to follow the order of nature: for nature puts out signs and leaves tracks all along the way, so that no one has an excuse for going astray. Those are the most useful men who can best explain the laws of nature as applied to man, and how man will best comply with them. The greater part of mankind have little or no character, and consequently no conception of what character is. Their thoughts, feelings and actions, centre almost entirely on themselves and their momentary enjoyments. They have no aspirations, no disinterested regard for others, and no high standard of excellence,—in fact, the moral region has not yet been explored, and their "upper stories" are either not furnished, or they are strangers to the fact and do not use them. All their animal instincts, on the other hand, are in full operation, and that part of the mental house is always well occupied. They yield to their low instincts without system or restraint of any kind; and the little of intellect they have takes a worldly and physical direction. They have no communication with the moral principles or the sense of moral obligation. They value themselves in proportion to the amount they can earn; and are probably familiar with the roads only to the drinking saloon, the gambling table, and the horse races; but, for anything else, there is the greatest darkness in the mind where there should be the greatest light, and *vice versa*. Such beings are not only a great deal lower than the angels, but are only a little higher than mere animals.

The best and most valuable part of Man's nature is in most persons the least cultivated, and when brought into action by the force of circumstances is spasmodic and without system. When money is wanted to gratify passion it is easily got and freely spent, but if wanted for a moral purpose, a grand dinner, with beers and wines, must be provided, or a bazar replete with allurements, excitements, enticements and bewitching influences must be resorted to, in order to get it. Men who are considered quite respectable and sufficiently moral have a great deal more usable furniture in the base of the brain than in the upper portion where it is often deplorably vacant, save here and there one finds some borrowed furniture, obtained by belonging to some church or benevolent society, which, in a measure, adds to the outside respectability, as borrowed jewelry will add to a young woman's tinsel show. Such men will treat their faculties as a tyrant treats his subjects. There will be a ruling power, but a one-sided one like the handle of a jug.

These reflections might apply with almost equal truth to those who give their entire thoughts to religion, sentiment and imagination in the higher actions of the moral brain at the expense of the basilar brain.

A mind with some of its faculties perverted will contradict itself frequently. A man, too, with no special object in view, wastes much of his time; and one who changes his plans frequently, not only does not finish anything, but loses much time, strength and means.

Man exerts many influences, and has many characters, some of which are in opposition to others. A musician, for example, may sing most melodiously, while his own life is a perfect discord. An artist may produce most beautiful images, although his own may be marred by a wicked and inartistic life. A writer may describe a perfect character, and yet be very far from perfect himself. A parson can preach a most excellent sermon, albeit he is a long way from living up to it.

The most worthy men, both in times of peace and war, often make the greatest sacrifices unknown to the world, and so get no credit for being heroes; whereas the coward who comes out from his hiding-place after the battle is over, and makes great demonstrations of courage, will get the offices and titles. Thus the most perfect and evenly balanced men are not the foremost on the platform; they do not make the loudest and longest speeches, and are not the first to raise objections or offer explanations.

With such organizations one should easily recognize the obligations, duties, privileges, responsibilities, powers, and liberties of man. It is evident he is not destined to fold his hands and do nothing, nor to trifle with and abuse his gifts. Man, with a low estimate of himself, can easily play the animal part of his nature, but he has to work hard to become the complete man. Herein his mistakes, blunders, accidents, failures and aids, should be utilized as his teachers and guides to live as to avoid their successors; and, hence, more excusable in the young than in the older. Many of these are the results of the mistakes of parents, teachers, preachers, doctors and legislators; for human nature proves itself by its actions. Nearly all men are mean and dishonest in little things. They tell small lies; they cheat in little matters; steal in small measures; kill with slander; defraud the governments; borrow from one to pay another, and always get credit where they can.

It is always the case that what we most appreciate requires the greatest labor, cost, and sacrifice. The choicest fruits, the most beautiful flowers, and the most delicate plants require continual labor, constant care, and the best use of the higher faculties of the mind to produce and keep them. Even then, only those of superior taste can appreciate their value, and take delight in the possession of them. The child that is so much loved by the mother has cost her much pain, and many an anxious hour, earnest prayer, and sleepless nights. The perfect horse, herd of cattle, or flock of sheep, is the result of the earnest care of successions of generations. So of the perfection of man. The great efforts of preachers and missionaries are directed to saving souls for the hereafter, without giving any thought about the bodies, as though they were of little or no importance. Man is talked to as a great sinner; he is exhorted to stop sinning, to repent and seek pardon; the body, meanwhile, being treated as if it had nothing to do with the matter. Such a fallacy in this age is inexcusable; the body has so much to do with sin.

An imperfect body and a poor mind generally go together. A diseased brain and mental derangement at all times go together. A bad, depraved stomach and ungoverned appetite and a depraved life go together. Bad blood and bad actions go together. Weak blood and feeble mental efforts go together. Bad habits all have their bad effects on the mind. There cannot be a pure mind in an impure body.

Thus, there is much more chance of the soul being saved when the body is healthy and clean, than when this is neglected for the purpose of saving the soul. Besides that, the soul, we believe, will need a body in the other life as well as in this, despite a prevailing opinion that we have a spiritual body as well as a physical one, and that on death we leave the physical, and take the spiritual with us.

If a man believes he has been pardoned and has got salvation, but though he still retains his injurious habits, has still a depraved appetite, a bad digestion, an unhealthy body, unopened pores and imperfect circulation, he will really not be able to show much sign of growth in grace or advancement in holy living. It is the body that places the greatest impediments in the way of spiritual growth.

Sinners are continually told to repent of their sins and to turn from their evil ways, while they really need to know more distinctly what sin and evil ways are, and what they should turn from.

The generality know little as to what conversions and changes of heart mean, and what they consist of. One cannot have a new heart while the old one is still there.

No new powers of men can be given or taken away. That would be impossible, and would leave man a freely accountable and responsible being. The change must consist in ceasing to do evil, and learning to do good; in ceasing to disobey and learning to obey; in ceasing to hate and learning to love.

As a general rule, man is not so willfully wicked as he is ignorant and thoughtless. Most sinners are like children that have not yet learned to walk alone or to spell hard words.

Little acts are the turning points in a man's life. No one commits great sins until he has first committed a multitude of little ones. Firstly, because we are all of us committing scores of little ones every day of our lives. But some men cannot afford to do wrong in great matters. It is more serious for a man with a small salary and a large family to be caught law-breaking, than for one who has only himself to think of. Then, again, we magnify the faults of others in order to conceal our own, and in proportion as we are criminal do we delight to incriminate others, and give evidence against them. If we are ill from weak and deranged nerves, we are liable to scold, to find fault, to fret and worry, where no one is to blame, and no change can be made.

Goodness and true greatness go together; the real way to gain a great character is to develop a good one. One who is comparatively near to perfection when he falls will generally descend much lower than one who has only just begun to improve. Inasmuch as we cannot have the experience and wisdom of age while we are young, so we cannot expect to have a well developed and elevated character till after a deal of hard uphill work. The more moral and spiritual a man is, the better he will take care of himself; the uncultivated does not place so high a value on life as the cultivated man. It is the spiritual man who looks after the physical. The angels can observe the requirements of man better than he himself can; and much more can the Creator see the angels. The mother knows what is good for the child better than the child itself. The more we recognize these facts, the more we shall appreciate the value of meekness; it is the ripeness of human kind, for the wiser a man grows the meeker he becomes; thus, it is the consummation of the graces of the human soul. Thus far, however, the animal nature in the race preponderates; for the part of the brain favoring genuine meekness is even yet very undeveloped. But every step of civilization is in the direction of peace, gentleness, kindness, and meekness.

Passed On.

[Given to our beloved friends, the parents and friends of little Stella, through our medium, Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond, by the ladies.]

"Baby" Stella Warner passed to spirit life June 17, 1888, aged 6 years, 6 months, and 2 days.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—*Jesus*.

"Except ye become as little children, ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven."—*Jesus*.

She sleeps as sleeps the folded bud
Ere it becomes the blooming flower;
She sleeps as sleeps the birdling
Ere it can try its winged power.

She wakes as wakes the blossom
Into the fuller light of morn;
She wakes as wakes the song bird,
Singing for the love new born.

BELOVED FRIENDS:—Grief and pain and the sorrows of mortal life are all merged in the one supreme earthly calamity—death. Viewed from the mortal side alone, with only the material senses to guide, and the feeble human perceptions to succor, it is hopeless.

The flower fades upon its stem; the leaf falls in the autumn storm, after the flush that precedes decay; the fruitage passes, and even the tree itself yields to the primal law of change—disorganization.

Nature also shows many germs that do not fructify, many buds that do not blossom, many blossoms that yield no fruit, and fair flowers that fade too soon. But nature, interpreted by her latest born,—man,—yields hope from despair, life from death, renewal from decay.

The springtime wakens the buds and blossoms into rebirth; the fruitage gives seed of its kind; and new forests upspring on the ruins of the old. Even science declares there is no death.

We meet to-day to blend our tears, our prayers, and our thanksgivings by the form of a human bud of promise seemingly cut off all too soon. If earth were the end of life, if the mortal form were all, we could but shed tears with those who weep, and say nothing; for nature, blind, deaf, and dumb, would have claimed her own—an unrelenting, unconscious mother; she would have swallowed up the beautiful young life, leaving nothing to heal the wound.

While the tears must mingle with those outwardly bereft; while hearts must ache in sympathy with those whose hearts are wrung this day; while prayers must go forth for those hearts to be comforted and strengthened; still a diviner law than that of the dust bids us also be thankful; bids us praise the Infinite Love for the one blessed boon—the knowledge of immortal life.

When death (or spirit birth) comes to the aged, one says: "This is well. It is the gathering of the ripened fruit—the harvesting of the sheaves;" and in old age death seems more welcome. Even in middle life one can say: "Well, this was a goodly life, and having reached its prime, was taken before decay set in."

But you will ask to-day what there is to be said when the young—the child in years—is taken?

If matter, dust, organic law, were to answer, there could be no comfort. "Natural law" affected would turn away, and leave no balm for the wounded heart. What matter does not reveal, spirit declares. What the "natural law" of earth has no solution of, the spirit hath already solved. Time does not measure the growth of the spirit, and many children are older than their sires; older in truth, older in love, older in that essence of wisdom that perceives knowledge.

Emerson says: "Distrust those dimples and curls; that babe is a thousand years old." If this age of the spirit is considered, it will explain why many lives are only loaned to earth for a few brief years. They do not come to gain experience, so much as to bless others with their presence. They have many secrets they do not declare—knowledge of things divine, great depths of the skies in their large, wondrous eyes—and they teach you to love heaven and turn to immortal life, by making you love them, and their going home to heaven—to the state of spirit whence they came.

Such was this young life, such this bud given to your keeping for awhile on earth. You have to learn what your real treasures are by having them placed beyond your reach, just out of sight. Then you strive to grow to that height.

We said these lives are loaned, but love is a gift divine, and what God gives, He gives.

Sometimes a jewel is given to a child by a loved friend, or a book too precious for the child to know until later years. The careful mother puts the gift away, and says: "It is yours, my child, when you are fully grown." Oh, how the child longs to be a man to possess the precious gift! This babe, this child, this star from the heaven of love, is yours—forever yours.

The hand of a diviner wisdom and love, the Mother-Father of all souls, through the change of nature and spirit, places that gift beyond your sight of body. Is that cruel? No, for your spirit eyes will stand to the inner vision. Your spirits will grow on tip-toe, and then by truth and love grow to the higher height. Your treasure is yours. Precious on earth, dear and sacred when folded in your parent arms, but doubly dear, even as a "light within a light," is the treasure of the spirit.

A child on earth is a blessed baptism—a gift whose grace develops all the tender-

ness, all the protecting fondness, in the household. A child in spirit life, a babe in Paradise, becomes the leader, teacher, and the parent learns to lean heavenward on that strong, bright babe that was not afraid to break the bonds of earth, and tread among the starry blossoms of heaven. What giants these heavenly babes become! Nerving the arms to deeds of valor; teaching the human heart such courage and patience and self-conquest; prompting the spirit to great endeavors,—that the babe may be overtaken in Paradise.

How one grows in soul, and hastens to all deeds of loveliness, of good-will, and excellence to mankind, lest those little feet, untrained to the rough paths of earth, shall mount the starry heights and be out of sight.

Ah! beloved, have no fear. This spirit birth is not separation, nor removal. "It might almost make one in love with death," to see the waxen form, the folded eyes and hands, like lily bells hushed to sleep; and to know that these will be a part of summer's loveliness,—flowers and birds, and laughing streams, and hills and bending sky. But a greater love for the life immortal enters here, and your spirits follow where she now leads.

Death was no mystery and no terror to her. Taught in the religion of you who are her heart's treasures, she was one with the spirit world. Its names were familiar to her; its existence her daily talk; its visions of light upon her tongue and brain; its messengers were her companions.

Trained and nurtured in its language, having brought its spirit with her, what wonder that she seeks her native home as a bird seeks the native air, to soar and sing. But remember, O beloved ones, as the bird returns to its loved nest, so her spirit returns, and dwells with the hearts that love her. In your bosoms she will find her home, in your hearts her heaven. Nearer by one form less of earthly dust, her spirit dwells with you always.

The summer skies will be more fair,
Because her tender light is risen;
Transfigured in the upper air,
Which earthly dust could not imprison.

The trees will bend more gracefully,
And wave their branches in the wind,
Because her presence will seem to be
With all their waving intertwined.

The leaves will clap their tiny hands
In welcome to her inner birth,
Because in spirit she commands
A thousand powers unknown on earth.

The lily and the rose will say:
(Whispering in the soft moonlight)
"Stella is true, her love will stay
And strengthen every dear delight."

All sounds and voices of nature sweet
Become a monody with her.
Because in all your spirits meet
Something that is her messenger.

But mostly in the hearts at home,
Her resting place, her shrine most dear,
Forevermore her light will come
As a presence ever blest and clear.

O, mother heart! refuse to break;
Turn to the dear child where she stands
Arrayed in light; for her glad sake
Behold and answer life's commands.

O, father heart! conquer the shaft
That seemed to pierce thy being through,
See where her spirit now doth wait
A joyous greeting to thy view.

Arise in spirit and be strong
For her dear sake, and she will guide
In triumph, singing her own sweet song
And ever moving by thy side.

Brothers, turn to her light of love,
It will a guidance be always,
That you may meet in realms above,
That you may feel her every day.

Friends, one more bud from Paradise,
Transplanted for awhile on earth;
Now to unfold within the skies,
Becomes to you an added birth.

One star the more in heaven above,
To guide you through the night of time,
A beacon light—this star of love
Follow in spirit to heights sublime.

INVOCATION AND BENEDICTION.

Thou Father-Mother! Infinite Parent of Wisdom and Love! Light Ineffable! Love All-potent and All-controlling! We bend before Thy shrine in fullness of praise, in perfect love.

These tears are in human love; these hearts are stricken in human grief; but they turn unto Thee. In their weakness they seek Thy strength; in their shadow they seek Thy light; in their hour of mortal anguish they seek the comfort of the skies.

May their heart strings not break. May they bend until the storm passes, and in this supreme moment may they see beyond the clouds in the rift that love and death have made, their arisen child—their pure, bright loved one, full of the rapture of the heavenly state. May they cast no shadow upon her spirit by their earthly grief, but rather, with uplifted hands, and hearts that are glad of her new birth say: "God speed thee, precious child, amid the scenes of Paradise." Be Thou their strength and shield. Make Thy messengers their succor in this hour of mortal agony, and upon this household, and these beloved friends, may the light of Thy love descend as a dove that murmurs above the storm, "Peace, be still."

May every blessing of spirit be theirs, and may they turn unto Thee forever and ever. AMEN.

PROBABLY HE WILL!—QUESTION.—Please answer the following in the "Querist Column" of *The Advance*: Is it true that at the Judgment the oceans will become boiling waters, and man will then be on earth for the last time? F. J. B.

ANSWER.—When the earth is burning the waters will, no doubt, boil, but *man will be removed before that transpires.*—*Rev. Dr. Wild, in the Canadian Advance, Aug. 29th, 1888.*

It often happens that apparent superiority does us damage, and that from apparent defect springs the savings of our lives.—*George Ebers.*

Minute Sermons.

[Rev. Frederick Hilditch.]

Lessons of wisdom have never such power over us as when they are wrought into the heart through the groundwork of a story which engaged the passions. Is it that we are like iron, and must first be heated before we can be wrought upon? Or is the heart so in love with deceit that where a true report will not reach it, we must cheat it with fable, in order to come at the truth?

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness—one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

A wise man doubteth; a fool rageth and is confident; the novice saith, I am sure that it is so; the better-learned answers, peradventure it may be so, but I prithee inquire. Some men are drunk with fancy, and mad with opinion. It is a little learning, and but a little, which makes men conclude hastily. Experience and humility teach modesty and fear.

The only medicine for suffering, crime and all the other woes of mankind is wisdom. Teach a man to read and write and you have put into his hands the great keys of the wisdom box. But it is quite another matter whether he ever opens the box or not. And he is as likely to poison as to cure himself, if, without guidance, he swallows the first drug that comes to hand.

But is it not some reproach on the economy of Providence that such a one, who is a mean, dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation? Not in the least. He made himself a mean, dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty for it; and will you envy him his bargain?

I respect the man who knows distinctly what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut.

They are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty food for good or evil—those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and grief to them; those who give time to their own souls to wax strong against temptation, or to the powers of wrath to stamp upon them their withering passage.

If anyone tells you that such a person speaks ill of you, do not make excuse about what is said of you, but answer: "He was ignorant of my other faults, else he would not have mentioned these alone."

Let us be careful to distinguish modesty, which is ever amiable, from reserve, which is only prudent. A man is hated sometimes for pride, when it was an excess of humility gave the occasion.

When the cup of any sensual pleasure is drained to the bottom, there is always poison in the dregs. Anacreon himself declares that "the flowers swim at the top of the bowl."

Genius and Talent.

[The Current.]

The man possesses talent, but genius possesses the man. If a genius for music, the man does not resolve to sing, but genius sings through the man; if a genius for poetry, the man does not say, "I will learn to write poetry," but genius uses the man in writing poetry; if the genius of a painter, an architect, or sculptor, it is much the same. Man is the instrument, genius the agent. So Pope "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;" Mozart, when but a lad, astonished his hearers with his organ solos; West, when a mere child, using brushes made of hairs plucked from the cat's back, delighted and surprised parents and friends with his superior pictures. So the man controlling his talent usually does things as others do; but genius controlling the man often does things very different from others—and better. This can hardly be otherwise in its highest manifestations. Made up largely of sensibility and imagination, it sees what others do not see, and feels what others do not feel. Hence, if strange, even eccentric, the world should be neither surprised nor censorious, but equitable and charitable. Indeed, it is the almost unvarying law that genius is eccentric. Caution: Let not the dullard take the converse, saying, "I'm eccentric, hence a genius." Such logic is both cheap and bad. Genius creates; talent arranges, directs, executes. The world needs but few to create—the rare, the gifted few, who come on the top of the centuries—but needs many to arrange, direct, execute. So let us all of the multitude toil on with the "one talent" or "five," striving earnestly to double the same, envying not him or her who hath the "ten."

True resignation which always brings with it the confidence that unchangeable goodness will make even the disappointment of our hopes and the contradictions of life conducive to some benefit, casts a grave but tranquil light over the prospect of even a toilsome and troubled life.—*Humboldt.*

Woman's Rights.

A woman's rights? What do these words mean?
What depths of old-world wisdom do they reach?
What is their real intent? O children say!
And strive to do life's duty to each.

The right to minister to those that need,
With quiet words the weary to beguile;
With words of peace the hungry hearts to feed,
And cheer the sad and lonely with a smile.

The right to enter the joys of life;
The right to love and be loved in return;
The right to be to all unending kind;
The right to wake and pray while others sleep.

Right to be noble, right to be true,
Right to think rightly, and rightly to do;
Right to be tender, right to be just,
Right to be worthy of infinite trust.

To be the little children's truest friend,
To know them in their ever-changing mood;
Forgiving self, in labor to the end,
To be a gracious influence for good.

To be the ladies of creation's birds,
As mothers, daughters, sisters, or as wives;
To be the best that earth to them affords,
To be to them the music of their lives.

The right in strength and honor to be free;
In daily work accomplished, finding rest;
The right in "trivial" round a sphere to see;
The right, in blessing, to be fully blest.

Right to be perfect, right to be pure,
Right to be patient and strong to endure;
Right to be loving—right to be good—
These are the rights of the true womanhood.

—Temple Bar.

"Ho, for Slumberland."

A little song for bedtime,
When, robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children
Set sail across the night
For that pleasant, pleasant country,
Where the pretty dream-flowers blow,
"Twixt the sunset and the sunrise,
"For the Slumberland, ho!"

When the little ones get drowsy,
And heavy lids drop down
To pale blue eyes and black eyes,
Gray eyes and eyes of brown,
A thousand boats for Dreamland
Are waiting in a row,
And the ferry-men are calling,
"For the Slumberland, ho!"

Then the sleepy little children
Fill the boats along the shore,
And go sailing off to Dreamland;
And the dipping of the oar
In the Sea of Sleep makes music,
That the children only know,
When they answer to the boatmen's
"For the Slumberland, ho!"

Oh, take a kiss, my darlings,
Ere you sail away from me,
In the boat of dreams that's waiting
To bear you o'er the sea;
Take a kiss and give one,
And then away you go,
A-sailing into Dreamland,
"For the Slumberland, ho!"

Compensation.

If you lift from some heart its burden of care,
As you journey o'er life's dusty road,
You not only are garnering treasures up there,
But you lighten your own earthly load.

If you cheer some soul on its weansome way,
Or drive from some brow its shadows and gloom,
Your burden will lighten each hour of the day,
And you are strewn with flowers your road to the tomb.

If you come as a helper to a soul that's in need,
Or lend to the weary your strengthening hand,
You are tilling God's garden and sowing the seed
For a harvest of love, in the soul's summer land.

If you have but a word, a smile, or tear,
On't board it, give freely, 'twill solace some grief,
Take the pain from some heart; some weary one cheer,
And bring to the pain in thine own heart, relief.

—HORACE M. RICHARDS.

Pursued

Let me lie here awhile,
Here where the world is quiet,
While low in the grass and high in the pines
The requiem winds run riot.

Away from the sunlit lands,
Where myriad birds rejoice,
I will hide from song and light and sense,
And shut out the sound of her voice!

I will look away from the stars
That on deathless gloom arise;
I will turn to the tender, sorrowful grass,
And close from the light of her eyes.

But thou, oh, heart of hearts!
What else but death can erase
From off thy mirror and out thy grave
The ghost of her face—her face?

—BURNSTON LANE.

"Good-Morning!"

"Good-morning, world!" On the window seat
She balanced her two little timid feet;

She clung with her dimpled hands, and stood
Framed in like a picture of babyhood.

The clambering vines hung low and green
'Round the sunniest curls that e'er were seen,

As she stood with beauty and light impaled,
And bade "good-morning" to all the world.

"Good-morning, world!" and the great world heard;
Each rustling tree and each singing bird.

The dancing flowers and the fields of grass,
Nodded and waved at the little lass;

And the far-off hills and the sky o'erhead,
Listened and beamed as the world was said;

And the old sun lifted his head and smiled—
"Good-morning, world!" Good-morning, child!"

In Part.

In part we prophesy. The restless heart
Sees through the veil of this mysterious life,
Some shadows of the life to come—a part
Dimly drawn out. As by some painter's art,
Lines, tints and touches, seemingly at strife,
Resolve to fitness and to beauty start
From deepest chaos so the fitting dreams
That come like stings of thistles' dart
Wakening the sleeping soul from that which seems
To that which is, and bridging o'er the streams
That part us from ourselves, shall yet become
Familiar as realities of home;
And welcome us, like some dear natural voice,
To that transcendent life where we shall yet rejoice.

—ROSE TERRY COOKER.

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

FIRST QUESTION.—*Mrs. Harris:* What part
(if any) do the elementals play in spiritualistic
phenomena? How do they differ from "nature
spirits?"
—INQUIRER, Oakland.

ANSWER.—A greater part of the table
tipping, rapping, throwing things about,
strange noises, and the like, is doubtless
produced by elementals. Still we must
bear in mind the fact that they may be
under the direction of elementaries, or
even of intelligences of a much higher
order. Remember elementals are not
necessarily vicious or mischievous. They
may be messengers of good, under the
direction of the well disposed, and quite
the contrary under the direction of the
evil disposed. Still, it is considered by
those who know the dangers, unwise to
call upon them, and unsafe to deal with
them. I doubt if one ever gets in good
results what will pay him for the risk.

The lower realms of the unseen are
full of danger to sensitives, and the ele-
mentals are their ready helpers. They
cause sickness and disasters of every kind,
not because they of themselves alone can
do these things, but because they are
directed by those who can.

"Nature spirits" are the spirits of the
trees, the flowers, the plants. All nature
is spirit, made visible to the sense percep-
tion, and every atom of matter has the
informing soul. Could we see into this
great nature with a vision closed to the
external, we should find that spirit under-
lies all this visible existence; that it is the
involution of spirit that makes the evolu-
tion of form possible.

"Spirit sleeps in the rocks, dreams in
the plant, moves in the animal, and comes
into consciousness in man."

SECOND QUESTION.—*Dear Madame:* I am told
you teach that "there is no evil." Will you
please tell me what name you give all this we
see about us—murder, drunkenness, sickness, death,
and a thousand other conditions which bring
misery, want, and woe? Yours Truly, S. F.

ANSWER.—Before one can say, "God
is Omnipresent Good, and there is no
evil," and feel what he says, he must see
in all these conditions of life the lesson
they bring to humanity and to the indi-
vidual soul. This conviction does not
come to one who only looks at the effects
he sees in the external act, but to the per-
son who knows that acts are the outspok-
ing of states of mind, abnormal ways of
thinking and feeling.

The external act manifests this state,
and the lesson it brings to the individual
ultimately reforms him. But such reforms
are often only known through trial and
suffering, and take in incarnations rather
than the years of one lifetime.

I do not deny that the seeming evil is
all about us; but to me all this has an-
other meaning. Man is the finite expres-
sion of an Infinite Life. Through man
Infinity has come into self-limitation.
Man has free will; he is free to choose
between truth and error, between good and
its opposite not good, between health
and disease; but in his limitation he has
not yet learned to choose wisely. When
out of his many life lessons he learns the
right, he will not be good because he
must, but because he wills to be; out of
it all he becomes individualized. It is
because I see this so clearly that I can
say, "All is good," and because I know
there is an Omnipresent Good that I can
say, "There is no evil." I only see evil
as the touch of the hand of Love, and
know through the darkness of night we
are being lead into the light of a perfected
life.

Man to have "dominion over all below
him," must touch all, and overcome all.
I do not name this condition you call evil;
it is a negation, the opposite or absence
of the Good (God); it is the result of
error and ignorance, and disappears before
truth and knowledge, as darkness does
before the light of the sun. Why try to
find a name for it? I prefer to let it
have a nameless grave.

SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S.

BERKELEY, Cal.

Experiences with Mumler.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I have been a constant subscriber for
the GOLDEN GATE since I first had knowl-
edge of its publication, and have read
with interest its columns, and note that
some of its contributors seem to assume
that all materialization is a fraud! I am
not a college professor, and have never
had the benefit of very much book knowl-
edge, so-called; but have had the benefit
of twenty-five years of active business,
traveling amid a variety of people, and
endeavor to defend truth as against error
to the best of my humble ability.

Noticing in your issue of September 8th,
a quotation from the *Banner of Light* (a
paper that I have read for years), which
says, "Beware of those who profess to
make spirit photographs. They are un-
questionably impostors,"—I do not know
of any impostors in that line; but one thing
I do know: that I had business in Boston
about the time of the Mumler excitement,
and while there went to Mr. Mumler's
house, and was introduced to him upon
his arrival home. (He and his wife were
out for a half hour's drive when I called.)

While waiting for his arrival, I had an
interesting talk with a learned and intelli-
gent German, who came to this country
on business, and left at a university in
Germany a dear and only son, who, a few
days after his father left home, went out
for an hour's sport with his gun. In dis-
charging it the gun burst, and injured one
arm so that it was necessary to amputate it.
His death ensued a few days thereafter.
His father, the gentleman of whom I

spoke, received the sad intelligence while
in Boston, and hearing of Mr. Mumler's
spirit pictures, had been to have a sitting
a few days before I happened to meet him
there. He had come for his pictures,
and was waiting the return of Mr. Mum-
ler and his wife. He narrated the particu-
lars to me in deep sorrow and
earnestness, as was natural under the
circumstances, while we were examining
a spirit picture of Abraham Lincoln and
his son, standing back of Mrs. Lincoln's
picture in a frame, in the room in which
we sat, and which was a very true picture
of the three.

Mr. and Mrs. Mumler returned, and I
was introduced to them. Mrs. Mumler
went directly to their salon upstairs, and
brought the quantity of pictures of the
German's son, that were to be ready that
day, and they were shown to me for my
inspection. While looking carefully at
them, the father of the boy that died took
from his vest pocket a picture of his son,
taken just before he parted from him in
Germany, and handed it to me to com-
pare. The spirit pictures were fine repre-
sentatives of the original. I asked the
German if Mr. Mumler or his wife had
seen the original picture, and he said that
no eye but his own had seen the original
picture until he then produced it, as he
was an investigator, and came to see Mr.
Mumler an entire stranger, to test his
ability to get spirit pictures, and the result
was conclusive of the fact, and very sat-
isfactory to the bereaved father.

Mr. Mumler then related to us the sin-
gular manner in which he came into pos-
session of the spirit pictures of Mr. Lin-
coln and his son. But as I have already
made this communication longer than I
intended, I will defer his account of it
until I learn whether or not you wish it
for publication.

Ever yours for truth and progress,

D. HAYNES.

MIDDLETOWN, Conn., Sept. 17, 1888.

The New Era Camp.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Having just returned from the State
camp-meeting of Spiritualists at New Era,
I thought you would like to hear from
Oregon how Spiritualism was racing ahead
and becoming a living religion. The peo-
ple at the camp-grounds were coming and
going all the time, but Saturdays and Sun-
days were the two best days. On those
days we had six or eight hundred people.
The meeting commenced on Friday, the
7th of September, and held over until
Monday, the 17th. We had two business
meetings for the election of officers for
both county and State associations.

There was a collection taken up for the
furnishing of lamps for the Temple, and
we got them up in time for our concert,
Friday, the 14th, which every one seemed
to appreciate. The members of the so-
ciety have erected a pavilion for dancing,
and gave two social hops during the meet-
ing. There is a good hotel on the camp-
grounds, where everything is served in the
best style. There are three private cot-
tages and a dozen more going up next
year or before the next meeting. The
Spiritualists are awakening in Oregon, and
are rushing things as fast as possible.

Mrs. A. K. Ghainey, of San Francisco,
was with us teaching psychic and physical
culture; also spoke from the platform, and
gave great satisfaction as a teacher.

Mrs. S. Seip, also of San Francisco,
was there. She is a good psychometrist,
and is a teacher in spiritual science and
physical culture, and is a very charming
speaker from the platform.

Mrs. Cornelius, of Portland, Oregon,
is a very good and reliable test medium
for both private and platform, and has
several phases of mediumship, and all are
good.

Mrs. Epley, of Salem, Oregon, was with
us for three or four days, and is a very ex-
cellent test medium. She also speaks in
trance very nicely, and when we know she
has only been one year investigating Spir-
itualism, and has progressed so rapidly,
we feel there is indeed hope for all.

We had a few home lights—noble souls,
too,—earnest workers in the "army of the
Lord." Mrs. Lydia Goulding, Mrs. Wm.
Phillips, Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Jas. Athey, all
of them good in their different phases of
mediumship.

Mrs. and Mrs. McMillan spoke very in-
terestingly of their experiences while in
Boston, and Mr. Geo. Miller, also of
Portland, gave us his experience. He is
past sixty years of age, an old Spiritualist,
a man of culture, and a charming speaker.

On the 17th of the month we gave our
ex-President, Mr. Wm. Phillips, a sere-
nade, on his sixtieth birthday, which was
duly appreciated. Mr. Phillips has been
our President for a great number of years,
and only retires on account of ill health.
He has been our pioneer worker and an
earnest, whole-souled man, and it is re-
gretted that his health will not permit him
to retain the position of President. He
retires with the respect and love of all.

I want to say something of our newly
elected President, Mr. Thomas Buckman,
the moving spirit and life of the camp,
and to my mind, the embodiment of
goodness. He is a high-souled, earnest
worker; has made the camp what it is by
his lordly heart and earnest words and
actions, frank in expression, and happy
under all circumstances. The world
would be better if there were more "Tom
Buckmans."

All in all, Spiritualism is on the up-
grade, and soon Oregon will speak for
itself. Yours, in the good cause,

MRS. H. B. HOLLAND.

SALEM, Or., Sept. 22, 1888.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Liver and Blood Medicine!

Through the Agency of Spirit Control, a
New Remedy for Disease has been
discovered in the Puget
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REVEALED :: REMEDY!

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Of those Powerful Medicines, Mercury and
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It is composed exclusively of Roots and Barks
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Vegetable. It contains no alcohol
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This remarkable remedy has ten characteristics to recom-
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petizer to the stomach.
- 4th—It Regulates the Bowels to perfection, no matter
what may be their condition.
- 5th—It Stimulates the Liver and therefore cures disease
arising from a torpid condition of this important organ in
the human anatomy.
- 6th—It Purifies and Enriches the Blood.
- 7th—By feeding the brain on pure, nutritious blood, it
stimulates that organ to generate a greater Nerve Force,
and thus gives added energy and life to the entire system.
- 8th—It is a sure cure for any malarial disease, such as
Chills and Fever.
- 9th—It will counteract the evil effects of Alcohol upon
the system.
- 10th—It will break up any fever inside of ten hours.

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- C. H. Shaw, Seattle, W. T., cured of dyspepsia and
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cured of dyspepsia, dizziness and general debility, of years
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J. A. Collins, Esq., No. 1507, Jessie street, San Francis-
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great nervous exhaustion, by Moore's Revealed Remedy.
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of torpid liver, impure blood, and constant heat in top of
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years, cured by one bottle of Moore's Revealed Remedy.
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cured of very bad attack of inflammatory rheumatism; at an
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Price, \$1.25 per Bottle.

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GALVANIC CHAIN BELT
ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY
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DR. PIERCE'S NEW
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With special attachments or appliances for BOTH SEXES,
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WEAKNESS OF THE
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Etc., Etc., Etc.

THOUSANDS CURED!
CAUTION! DR. PIERCE'S CELEBRATED
Belt and Trusses cannot be had
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schemes, calculated to deceive the public.

The following letter is a sample of hundreds which are
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Electricity Did the Work!
FREESTONE, Sonoma Co., Cal.,
February 29, 1888.

DR. PIERCE & SON—GENTLEMEN:—I take great
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bought at your office last Fall, for my son, has cured him of
a severe attack of neuralgia, which the doctors could not
cure. They examined him and said he had the "hip
disease," or something of the kind, and that it would cost
me from \$400 to \$500 to have him cured; but one of your
\$10 Belts cured him, and he is now a strong, healthy boy,
with no sign of "hip disease" or anything else the matter
with him. Electricity is the remedy for me and the rest of my
family. You will probably remember that one of your
Electro-Magnetic Trusses cured me of rupture after I had
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I consider Dr. Pierce's Electric Belts and Trusses to be
the best ever manufactured, and heartily recommend them
to all sufferers.
Yours truly,
CHAS. S. COLLINS.

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Dr. Pierce's Belt,
Call on the undersigned, or
Send Stamp for Free Illustrated Pamphlet
No. 2.

RUPTURE



HERNIA OR RUPTURE.

The dangerous and distressing complaint known as Her-
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ELASTIC TRUSS. This is the original and only genu-
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